# LETTERS

FROM

# *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

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# *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES;

CONTAINING

*AN HUMBLE DESCRIPTION OF THE TRIAL*

OF

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT TO THE CLOSE OF THE SESSIONS IN 1789.

WITH

*NOTES AND ALTERATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.*

To which are added,

SEVERAL LETTERS IN ANSWER, FROM

*SIMON, AUNT BRIDGET, AND SHENKIN.*

AND AN ORIGINAL POETICAL DEDICATION

*TO THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.*

BY SIMPKIN.

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# DEDICATION.

TO

*THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.*

LONG time I've search'd about to find
A PATRON for this WORK,
But no man living suits my mind
So well as Mr. BURKE.

The Lines which humbly now implore
The sanction of his name,
Long to return (they ask no more)
To him from whom they came.

The Offspring claims, by nat'ral right,
The Parent's kind protection;
The tender parent's first delight
Is parental affection.

The Child, I grant, has beauty less
Than when it went to Nurse,
Whose want of skill and taste in dress,
Has made it look the worse.

But children which mis-shapen prove,
To whom the world's unkind,
In larger shares of parents' love
Their consolation find.

Then Father Ed---d, pray look down,
With eye benign and mild,
Drive not away with angry frown,
Thy supplicating Child.

The tender Offspring, when it's ill,
A Father's care may cure;
And when he fails in means or skill,
His pity will endure.

SIMPKIN.

# LETTER I.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES;

WITH A

*HUMBLE DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT TRIAL.*

DEAR BROTHER---

---THE Letter I formerly sent you,
I hope was descriptive enough to content you---
With respect to PROCESSION, and *taking of Places*,
By Masters and Judges, by Lordships and Graces:
According to promise, I now shall describe
The Procession of BURKE, and his Eloquent Tribe---
*First*, EDMUND walks in at the head of the Group,
That powerful Chief of that powerful Troop---
What awful solemnity's seen in his gait,
Whilst the nod of his Head beats the time to his Feet!---
CHARLES FOX is the second, and close on his right,
Whose waddle declares he will never go straight.

The ruby-fac'd SHERIDAN enters the third,
The Opposer of PITT, and the Treasury Board---
His attention, 'tis said, has so long been directed
To the *National Debts*, that his own are neglected---
And in Public Affairs, when such management's shewn,
No wonder a man cannot think of his own.
Next ADAM comes in, with a Spit by his side,
And struts like a Turkey-Cock, swelling with pride:
Then ANSTRUTHER follows, that Weather-Cock Elf,
Who shews how a Man may *dissent* from—HIMSELF—
To the *Governor* HASTINGS, his praise was profuse;
On *Prisoner* HASTINGS, he pours forth abuse---
Then follows *Young* GREY, an exact imitator
Of the scurrilous BURKE; a most promising Prater:
Tho' all must lament that he's under such Banners,
"As Evil Community spoils our Good Manners."
Then PELHAM, FITZPATRICK, and WINDHAM came forth,
With MONTAGUE, MAITLAND, with BURGOYNE and NORTH.
CHICK TAYLOR, and ERSKINE, are join'd in the Vote,
And as MANAGERS known, by---a Bag and dress Coat.
Then FRANCIS comes sneaking, with grief in his heart,
At not being indulg'd with a MANAGER'S *part*---
Tho' he now and then steals to the Managers' Box,
To suggest a Shrewd Question to BURKE and CHARLES FOX.
The COMMONS, all those who from *riding* have leisure,
In order come in, and go out at their pleasure---
Now the Court is assembled, in form to begin,

And SHERRY begs leave to call *Middleton* in,
That name, at whose sound there's a general grin---
Five days has *Poor* MIDDLETON sweated and stew'd;
Their Questions were artful, his Answers were shrewd.
He was ask'd, "If the *Eunuch* ALMASS *had a Child?*"
Lord THURLOW look'd black, and the Ladies all smil'd;
The Witness made answer, "I really can't say;"
The pow'rs of his Mem'ry were melted away.---

*Q.* Have you e'er seen the BEGUMS?--He answer'd,
I've not:

*Q.* Pray mention their persons?---*A.* Indeed I've
forgot.

*Q.* What may in Rebellion your principles be,
Or can you the probable consequence see
Of Men rising in Arms, and o'er-running the
Nation?
He reply'd, "'Tis a Question of *deep Speculation.*"

*Q.* When the Eunuchs were fetter'd, pray what did
they feel?
Were they thinking of Poison, the Rack, or the
Wheel?
Or what do you think might have been their
intentions?

*A.* I concern not myself about their apprehensions.

*Q.* How many young Damsels were in the *Khord Mhal?*

*A.* I do not believe I can recollect all.

*Q.* Say---What were their wishes, or what was their
view?

*A.* I cannot remember that ever I knew.

*Q.* When they threaten'd to throw themselves over the Wall,
What induc'd them to hazard the getting a fall?
*A.* I do not remember they did so at all.
*Q.* Why did GORDON address to the *Begum* that Letter?
*A.* HE *himself* is in Court and can answer you better.
*Q.* You were at *Lucknow* in the year Eighty-two?
*A.* I'm inclin'd to believe what you say may be true.
*Q.* Have YOU any doubts of it?—And if so, *how many?*
*A.* I believe not; I think that I cannot *have any.*
*Q.* The PRISONER's *Defence*; did you pen part or not?
*A.* I had some Conversation with Major JOHN SCOTT.
*Q.* With the *Counsel* of HASTINGS were you at the *Hall?* *.
*A.* I might *accidentally* give them a call.
*Q.* What; went accidentally with Major SCOTT?
*A.* I really don't know; if I did, I've forgot.
*Q.* Do Children in India their Parents esteem?
Do they love their *Mammas?* or how strong do you deem
Their affection may be? or, pray can you tell,
If Papa and Mamma are lov'd equally well?
*A.* Some perhaps love their Father, and some love their Mother,
And some Children like neither *one* nor the *other.*
*Q.* Does the Son, by the Laws of the *Koran,* succeed To the Father's Estate?—*A.* Yes, the eldest indeed.

* Draper's Hall.

*Q.* May the Mother that Property legally keep,
Lodg'd where she and her Husband do usually sleep?
*A.* I am rather inclin'd to be led, I confess,
To believe that the Wife no such right does possess.

When SHERRY had finish'd this examination,
He their Lordships address'd with this florid Oration:
" My LORDS! to your Lordships it needs must appear,
" That the Charges are founded on evidence clear.
" My Lords, pray attend, whilst I speak more at large,
" And apply what we've heard, to establish the Charge.
" ALMASS *had a Son*, whom the Prisoner destroy'd;
" The *Begums* were Dames, who rich jointures enjoy'd:
" Large extensive Jaghires, and for that only reason,
" The Prisoner declared they were guilty of Treason.—
" We have prov'd, no Rebellion was stirr'd up by them,
" And that HASTINGS was not authoris'd to condemn
" The Eunuchs to suffer the Rack and the Wheel;—
" —For Eunuchs, tho' such, *many know*, they can feel—
" That two thousand Young Damsels liv'd in the *Khord Mhal*,
" Who threw themselves headlong just over the wall,
" That the SEAPOYS might catch them—and so break their fall;—
" That their views and intentions were but to escape
" The danger of HASTINGS *committing a Rape*;
" The BEGUMS themselves, were afraid lest his pleasures

" Should extend to their *Persons*, as well as their treasures.—
" How licentious, how wicked, how base are the men,
" Who would ravish old women of threescore and ten!
" Oh! *Great* GOD *of Justice!* Can'st thou think it fitting,
" To look down from thy Throne, while such Rapes are committing?
" Why delay then to fix some perpetual mark,
" At once to disable this infamous Spark;
" Who set off from CALCUTTA, determined to rob
" Some *fat* ZEMINDAR, or some wealthy NABOB.—
" No prey found this Tyger in reach of his spring,
" Save the BEGUMS *of Oude*, and the *Rajah Cheyt Sing*.
" Like a Robber, whose choice is restricted to two,
" No place, except *Bagshot* and *Hounslow*, will do.
" I have prov'd that the Prisoner is *all over guilt*;
" That hogsheads of innocent blood he has spilt;
" I have prov'd he was guilty, of Fraud and Abuse,
" And Robbery too, for the Company's use—
" Then by our RELIGION, which he has disgrac'd;
" By our CONSTITUTION, which he has defac'd;
" By Nature's best rights, I your Lordships invoke,
" Those rights to *whose heart he has given a* POKE—
" By the Chastity pure of the BEGUMS *of Oude*;
" By millions of dead men, now crying aloud;
" Those dead men, whose deaths all to murder were owing,
" Whilst tears from their wives were in rivulets flowing:
" By those poor distrest damsels, who fractur'd their bones,

" By hastily throwing their bodies on stones—
" Ye BISHOPS! ARCHBISHOPS! a sanctified band!
" Who all holy mysteries well understand!
" Ye *Judges of England*, of wisdom profound,
" Who can find out the Law, and can lose it—when found:
" Ye *Nobles*, in ermine, so spotless a train,
" Whose Honour can suffer by no blot or stain;
" Ye ROYAL YOUNG PRINCES—for Chastity fam'd,
" For clear understandings, which need not be nam'd—
" To you, all *Indostan* looks up for relief,
" And Vengeance demands on that *Robber* and *Thief!*—
" Unless by your justice his blood shall be spilt,
" The world will affirm you partake of his guilt;
" Shed his blood then, I say!—No, the *hanging of one*,
" For the *Slaughter* of MILLIONS, can never atone.—
" He ought to be tortur'd with racks, gripes, and pinches,
" Be dying for years—he should perish by inches!
" And when from his body his spirit shall sever,
" He ought to be damn'd to damnation for ever!!!"

Such horrors presented themselves to his view,
That SHERRY took fright at the picture he drew;
He had something, 'twas thought, still more horrid to say,
When his tongue lost its powers, and he fainted away.
Some say, 'twas his Conscience that gave him a stroke,
But those who best know him, treat that as a joke;
'Tis a trick, which *Stage Orators* use in their need,
The Passions to raise, and the Judgment mislead.—

When FRANCIS beheld his friend SHERIDAN drop,
He sprung twenty feet at two steps and a hop;
*Assafœtida Drops*, he applied to the nose
Of his friend, who recover'd his strength, and arose—
But THURLOW, long silent, now thought it his turn
To speak to the Court, so he mov'd to ADJOURN.

Yours, &c.

# LETTER II.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

DEAR BROTHER---

---You ask, why was FR----s distrest?
Why he fear'd for the Cause so much more than the rest?
To answer this question as well as I can,
I must give you a Sketch of this wonderful Man:

Some certain things rise from the dark,
Our HERO started first a Clerk—
In Office, that was still impressing
On tender youth this useful Lesson;
Those that would thrive, must learn to cringe,
"*To turn like door upon a hinge*;"—
To flatter those that favour shew ye;
To spurn at those that are below ye;
FR----s, by acting well this part,
Completely won his Patron's heart;

Who made him, by a sudden spring,
*The* FIFTH PART *of a potent King*;*
That is, he was to Bengal sent,
The *under Limb* of Government.—
Let yonder Beggar mount a Horse,
The Proverb tells "which way his course;"
So FR----S, who had been a Hack
Of Office, 'midst a servile Pack,
Saw thousands tremble at his nod,
And like another PHILIP's *Son*, became a God.
Great had his fortune been indeed,
If HASTINGS had not check'd his speed,
And to his prospects put an end,
By calling from LUCKNOW *his Friend*.
This FR----S never can forgive,
As long as he and HASTINGS live;
And from that time has been pursuing
Means to effect his total ruin;
But fruitless finding OPPOSITION,
He form'd---*like some*—a COALITION:
But Coalitions still must fall,
One certain fate o'ertakes them all.
Tho' his—a novel kind of plan—
To join, and then betray the Man;
But HASTINGS' *Genius* was awake,
And ere he stung, it scorch'd the *Snake*.
This to the fire but added fuel,
Until it ended in a Duel.—

* Francis's definition of himself, and his Power, to the people in India.

When FR----S saw his schemes all fail,
For England's shore he spread his sail.---

No sooner on shore had our PHILL set his feet,
Than he drove, like a *Post-boy*, to LEADENHALL-STREET;
In the flames of his malice, he burnt to disclose
A Tale, which had cost him some years to compose;
But he got a rebuff from the COURT of DIRECTORS;
They were HASTINGS's Friends; they were *Virtue's* PROTECTORS;
They paid just regard to their Honor and Glory;
They read not PHILL's Papers; they heard not PHILL's Story.
Tho' like Light'ning to ENGLAND from India he came,
*In speed he was greatly surpass'd by his* FAME;
They knew how the measures of HASTINGS he crost,
How near his advice COROMANDEL had lost;
By the Court of Directors, it clearly was seen,
That the Man was a compound of Envy and Spleen.—

Then away to the *Mongers of Boroughs* went he,
To try, if with some one he could not agree;
And find a fit corner—for once—to his use,
For *speech unrestrain'd*, and for *licens'd* abuse.

But when he discover'd that loud declamation
Could produce no effect on a sensible Nation,
His attention was turn'd to the *Quixote-like* BURKE,
Who is fond of engaging in Quixote-like Work;

He told him long Stories "of Damsels distress'd,"
"Of extirpated Nations, of RAJAHS oppress'd;"
Of HASTINGS's having compell'd the NABOB,
His *Kindred*, his *Mother*, *Grandmother*, to rob.—
Shall the eloquent BURKE, who by pleading the cause
Of *Powell* and *Bembridge*, gain'd lasting applause;
Shall the Man, who to Wretches like these was a Friend,
The Rights of Old Damsels refuse to defend?
Oh! let not the *Children of* ASIA beseech
Thy mercy in vain; but the Tyrant *Impeach*;
I myself will find *Matter*, do thou *furnish Speech*.
Then away posted BURKE to his CHARLEY and SHERRY,
Who were toping at BROOKES's, pot-valiant and merry!
I have something, my BOYS, upon which we may prate,
'Tis time we should *Spout*, lest we grow *out of date*;
Against a NABOB I am furnish'd with matter—
When a subject is found, we can all of us chatter;
WARREN HASTINGS is he, you remember, his friends
Disappointed us lately, in gaining our ends.
*That Stock-holding Crew*, the late change brought about
In Administration, and turn'd us all out:
Let us try, in our turn, if we can't over-reach 'em,
Then HILLOA, *Brave Boys*, let us on and Impeach him!
Perhaps the rich Rogue, when he finds himself under
Our lash, may present us some part of the Plunder.
Then CHARLEY, who found himself not in a cue,
So wild, so romantic a scheme to pursue;
Who found by a Balance just made of his Books,
Himself better paid by attending at BROOKES';

Requested that BURKE would be pleas'd to desist
From the business, or strike his Name out of the List.
And SHERRY, who now holds Theatrical Stuff,
Declar'd on the Stage "there was *acting* enough."
And begg'd, that if BURKE had this Farce at his heart,
He might be excus'd from the playing a part.
BURKE started, and swore, if you do not think fit
To support me in this, *I'll go over to* PITT.
Then Charles, who began to foresee the reduction
Of his force at *St. Stephens*, might prove his destruction;
Engag'd for himself, and the whole of his Party;
Tho' some people think Charles is not very hearty.
*Three Years* have elaps'd since the suit they began,
They may work many more, let them do all they can,
Before they will conquer this *much-injur'd Man!*
You ask me, what cause had the House to resist
Adding FR----S's name to the Managers' List?
Why, all moderate men to exclude him agreed,
Tho' BURKE pledg'd his honour he could not proceed
*Without Fr----s's aid*, to support him in need.
Then, EDMUND! thy zeal struck the guard from thy tongue,
And betray'd the base source whence thy Charges all sprung.
Great part of the House, which till then had believ'd
Thy story, now find themselves grossly deceiv'd;
How many good men, now are griev'd to the heart,
To think they were talk'd into taking a part.
But F——s triumphantly laughs in his sleeve,
To think he so long could the public deceive.

As he walk'd along Bond-street, he said to a Friend,
" Tho' my Foe be acquitted, 'twill answer my end;
" Opprest with fatigue, and o'er-burthen'd with cost,
" His health will be broken, his fortune be lost;"
Then he swore, by the Lord, he would not cease pursuing,
Till Death and Damnation had finish'd his ruin.
Tho' so generous an Oath, he confess'd, gave him pain,
To come from a bosom so kind and humane.

I conclude for the present:—but if, my dear Brother,
You like this Epistle, I'll send you another;
And ground there will be, to the Chancellor's sorrow,
For SHERRY renews his Oration To-morrow—
And *Sums up* the whole of the charge as he goes:—
Tho' amidst all " this summing,"—just under the Rose—
'Tis surprising, he never sums up—*what he owes!*

Yours, &c.

# LETTER III.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

## *THE IMPEACHMENT.*

YOU ASSURE me, *Dear Brother*, the comical Tales
I've related, amuse our *Acquaintance* in WALES;
You beg me, as SHERRY proceeds to impeach,
To give you in Rhime the *Contents of his Speech.*
The Task is too hard—for the speech is so fine,
It escapes such a dull understanding as mine.
Howe'er, to oblige you as far as I can,
I'll begin an Oration as SHERRY began.
When the LORDS were assembl'd, and set in their Places,
He rose up, *brim-full of Theatrical Graces:*—
" Permit me, my LORDS, ere I speak more at large,
" To disclaim every Motive for making this Charge.
" Has the NABOB complain'd? Is the Prisoner accus'd
" At the suit of those Ladies WE say he Abus'd?

" 'Tis the Cause of Mankind, led by EDMUND the brave,
" His object is MAN, from *Man's Baseness* to save.
" The MINISTER PITT, says "the Treasury's drain'd;"
" But all must admit they are much entertain'd.
" However, I'd have it be well understood,
" If we have any motive 'tis certainly good.
" My LORDS, you expect Proofs conclusive and strong;
" But in that expectation your Lordships are wrong:
" From documents written, no proof can we draw,
" Nor can *any one* swear—to what *nobody saw.*
" I'm not pleading excuse for our failing in Proof,
" For tho' we bring none, we can make out enough;
" I shall make out enough from the Pris'ner's Defence,
" By giving *my* Meaning, and losing *his* Sense.
" 'Tis said, when the House *a Delinquent Impeaches,*
" The Managers should be correct in their Speeches:
" That is, They should make a plain simple Narration
" Of Facts, well attested, without aggravation:
" That *Legal Chicanery* should not assist
" To give the *Plain Sense* an *Ingenious Twist.*
" But, *my* LORDS, by your leave, the distinction I'll trace,
" Betwixt *Misdemeanour* and *Capital Case*;
" For unless we were certain your LORDSHIPS would Hang him,
" The Managers' Tongues claim a Licence to Bang him.
" The Pris'ner, my LORDS, under various pretences,
" Has set up at times a long string of Defences:

" My LORDS, there *was one* to the COMMONS *address'd*,
" But that to *your Lordships* is reckoned *the best.*
" It seems that the former was *hastily* pen'd
" By those that would do it—*Acquaintance* or *Friend:*
" And as all common Men are but commonly wise,
" For the COMMONS, a *common defence* would suffice—
" And finding our Charges divided and split,
" Each *Journeyman* took what the MASTER thought fit.
" My *skill in Finance*, Mr. SHORE, is your Lot:
" My *Consistence* to prove, I rely upon SCOTT,
" And on MIDDLETON's *Memory*, when I've forgot.
" He thought as the COMMONS themselves were deputed,
" The Commons, by *Deputy*, might be confuted;
" But now that your LORDSHIPS have call'd him before you,
" At your Bar it behoves him to tell his own Story.
" But, my LORDS, we object to this shifting of ground—
" For the Conduct of Journeymen, Masters are bound.
" Would it not be, my LORDS, most surprising and strange,
" If EDMUND OUR CHIEF, *his opinion should change?*
" If having persuaded the COMMONS to join
" In the Vote, he should take up a different Line,
" And say, " *The Impeachment was* YOURS, and *not* MINE:
" That he ever was HASTINGS's *Friend* in his Heart,
" Tho' compell'd to accept of a MANAGER's Part?"

While SHERRY was speaking, I could not conceive
Why the Lords and the Commons all laugh'd in their Sleeve;
Why BURKE fear'd that SHERRY was out of his Track,
Why FOX's sweet face look'd a little more black—
But since I have learnt, that the Picture he drew,
Was the *likeness of something* that most people knew—
That BURKE and CHARLES FOX had conjointly brought forth
The very same Arguments—*versus* LORD NORTH.
That CHARLES would not "trust his dear person a Minute"
Alone with LORD NORTH, so much danger was in it.
And BURKE, with *Impeachments* the House to supply,
Carry'd some in his Pocket, "cut ready and dry."
I am told, it has long been his custom to take 'em
Wherever he goes, like a Priest's "Vade Mecum."
St. STEPHEN'S resounded with SCAFFOLD and BLOCK,
NORTH fell from the Treasury Bench with a shock.
"Throw a Bone to a Dog, and no longer he snarls,"—
So NORTH threw a Bone out to EDMUND and CHARLES;
That is, they determined, if PITT had not seen 'em.
To share all the *Loaves and the Fishes* between 'em.
From that Moment have CHARLEY and EDMUND agreed,
That NORTH must be honest and noble indeed!
BURKE searches for elegant Phrase to commend:—
And CHARLES too is happy to call him his Friend.

As SHERRY in speaking is fond of Precision,
He adopts the *Theatrical mode of Division:*
That is, he arranges the *Plot* and the *Facts*,
And the Play will consist of a *Number of Acts*.
ONE ACT was gone through when the Post-bell was ringing,
Which unluckily puts a full stop to my singing.
Howe'er, if this Letter can add to your pleasure,
I'll send you another as soon as I've leisure.

# LETTER IV.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

AGAIN, *my dear Brother*, I take up the Quill,
My Debt to *discharge*, and my promise fulfill.
Thus SHERRY began :—" Now, my Lords, I proceed
" Some loose and confus'd Affidavits to read;
" I'll allow to be true every word they contain;
" But permit me their Meaning and Sense to explain.
" My Lords, there was swearing by Foot and Dragoons;
" By *Vollies* some swore, and some swore by *Platoons*:
" These Swearings, I call Sir ELIJAH's *Collection*,
" Intended to prove a well known Insurrection:
" But, my Lords, you shall presently see me victorious
" Over this Insurrection, however notorious;
" After what I have said, Will the *Counsel* insist
" That any Rebellion did ever exist?
" This point being settled :—I now take my course
" To ASOPH-UL-DOWLAH's Attendants and Horse;

" That he had 2000, the *Counsel* contended,
" But that's a position that can't be defended.
" My Lords, I insist that *Two Hundred*'s the most;
" The rest had deserted, were jaded, or lost:
" Besides, I request it may not be forgot
" The rate ASOPH travell'd, *full gallop* or *trot*;
" And 'twas right that the NABOB should travel *incog.*
" By post or by *Dauck**, without Baggage or clog,
" To suppress, like himself, *a Rebellion incog.*
" But I'll give them Two Thousand, with *Bangies* and *Coolies*,
" With Elephants, Camels, with *Hackrees* and *Doolies!*
" The *Counsel* some proof have endeavoured to bring,
" That the BEGUMS lent aid to the RAJAH CHEYT SING
" One Thousand *Nejeebs*—but I boldly avow
" They were Fellows with *Matchlocks*, detach'd from LUCKNOW;
" But where ever they came from, I care not about 'em,
" For your Lordships shall see, in five minutes I'll rout 'em.
" SADUT ALLY, they say, in Conspiracy join'd,
" And I ask'd Sir ELIJAH, why HE was not fin'd?
" Sir ELIJAH, my Lords, gave a very good reason,
" The man who is *Poor*, can't be *guilty of Treason.*
" His safety was then to *Insolvency* due—
" *An Axiom I find incontestibly true.*
" My Lords, I shall prove this commotion and rising,
" Was not of my Ladies the BEGUMS' devising;

* Indian word for post.

" And their *Eunuchs*, poor creatures, so gentle and mild !
" Are unable to injure Man, Woman, or Child.
" Colonel HANNAY himself, I can prove, was the Man
" From whose cruelties all the Disturbance began :
" And this to establish, *no Witness* I call,
" Save the elegant Letters of *Naylor* and *Hall*.
" The BEGUMS' Jaghire Major *Naylor* march'd thro',
" 'Twixt the *Goomty* and *Gagra* his route to pursue ;
" Where for some little time his Battalions were halted,
" Some RAJAH to quell, who, he says, had revolted.
" This Revolt, I presume, must have been a mistake,
" So I pass over that, for his Memory's sake.
" But when to the country of *Hannay* he came,
" He found nothing else but combustion and flame.
" The Army of Rebels the *Major* o'erthrew ;
" He frighted their Heroes ;—he wounded and slew.
" Those poor dying Wretches, that made no resistance,
" He offer'd to cure :—They refus'd his assistance.
" The *Counsel* may say, 'tis from prejudice strong,
" Those Men their existence refus'd to prolong ;
" That a *Foreigner's touch* would a BRAMIN pollute ;
" But Prejudice *now* 'tis my turn to dispute.
" These Folks were from such foolish prejudice free—
" They were Patriots, my Lords, of the highest degree :
" They died that their blood to *their* GODS *might ascend*,
" Who till now to their cries had not time to attend !"

*Four hours and a half*, ere he came to a close,
Did SHERRY declaim on such topics as those:
He ended at length, with a Compliment fine
To BURKE, whom he stiled "something more than divine!"
For giving himself this occasion to shine.
And BURKE, to whom nothing's more odious and hateful
Than the Man who for favor conferr'd is ungrateful,
Opportunity found, with *large Int'rest* to pay
The Compliments back, on the very same day.
One Man had, it seems, the presumption to state,
The IMPEACHMENT *Expence* was enormously great:
When BURKE, in a moment, sprung up in his place,
And cry'd, as he star'd the Man full in the face,
"*Such stinginess, Sir, would a nation disgrace!*
"After all the fine things we've heard SHERIDAN say,
"He's a pitiful wretch who *refuses to pay:*
"Now that Genius has blinded our Eyes with its flash,
"Can we *look at Accounts?* Can we sum up our Cash?
"After soaring above all the Regions of Sense,
"Can we tumble so low as to *think about Pence?*
"Has not SHERRY, this morning, expos'd to your view,
"All the beauties of *Thespis*, and *Cicero* too?
"To the BISHOPS, he gave an example of Preaching,
"To the COMMONS, a model of future Impeaching;
"HISTORIANS, hereafter, shall copy his Diction,
"And POETS themselves may learn *Lessons of Fiction:*

"RHETORICIANS are taught the arrangement of
*Flowers*:
"To the *Buskin* and *Sock* he has given new powers;
"The PAINTERS may learn finer Pictures to draw,
"And the JUDGES new modes of *interpreting Law.*
"From him may the ORATOR learn to prevail,
"By Action and Sound, when his Arguments fail:
"The PHILOSOPHER too, may learn nature to sift;
"The Attorney, to hide a bad Cause with a Shift.
"Now since ev'ry profession some benefit draws,
"I can't think for a moment of *starving the Cause!*"

No sooner was EDMUND sat down, than a *Spark*
Arose in his place, and beg'd leave to remark,
"That himself and some others remember'd the day,
"When the MAN *who so freely votes Thousands away,*
"For hearing a Speech, or for seeing a Play,
"Was once in His MAJESTY's *Kitchen* so sparing,
"As to *weigh out the Cheese*, nay, to *pocket the paring!*"

And now, *my dear Brother*, I lay down my Pen,
Which after next Tuesday I'll take up again.

# LETTER V.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

### *MR. SHERIDAN.—THE THIRD DAY.*

DEAR BROTHER——

WERE it not that I fear you would deem it neglect,
Or accuse me, perhaps, of the *want of respect*;
I would pass o'er in silence the Speech of this day;
For SIMPKIN, like SHERRY, wants something to say.
The PEERESSES thought there would rise a *new Sun*,
And that former out-doings, would now be out-done!
At *Six* in the morning, 'tis said they arose——
By *Eight* dress'd their heads, by *Nine* put on their cloaths—
By *Ten* took their places, in high expectation
Of seeing this SHERIDAN *Act an Oration*.

By *half after Twelve*, or at farthest by *One*,
The PEERS were assembled—the PLAY was begun.
Two hours he harrangued, but I little remember,
" Save IMPEY and DAVY, and 12*th of December*."
He describ'd a circuitous string of Suggestions,
And put to *the Counsel* some very close Questions.
He knew he might safely their answers defy,
Since the forms of the Court *would not let them reply*.
As the sense of his Speech was but ill understood
By myself, I conclude 'twas uncommonly good.
When his Genius inflammable rose to its height,
Like LUNARDI's *Balloon*, it escap'd from our sight:
And as when some Balloon at its equipoise pitch,
Loses part of its air by the *break of a stitch*,
The *high-flying* HERO no remedy knows,
And the car tumbles down with more speed than it rose:
So the high-flying SHERRY discover'd at length,
That Orators may soar too high for their strength.
For just as his voice was rais'd up to its top,
The Court, with surprize, saw him suddenly stop.
Then ADAM stept forward, and said, " *that his friend*,
" *Was seiz'd with a--a--Trifling—and therefore must end.*"
This accident, Brother, must greatly diminish,
The length of my Letter; and here I should finish,
Were it not that I heard some *odd jocular Sparks*
Conversing together, and making remarks.

A *Trifling!* said one, as he laugh'd very hearty,
Has long been the common *Disease of the Party.*
LORD ——, who's one of your old-fashion'd Peers,
That wants to find MEANING *in all that he hears,*
Said, "that our Orators *now* were not fram'd to his taste,
"They carry no *weight*, they're constructed for haste;
"And like our *Mail Coaches*, that travel so fast,
"Must now and then get an unfortunate cast."
One Gentleman said, "where he reasons on facts,
"We find SHERRY dull; but whenever *he acts,*
"In five minutes time he displays to our view,
"The *Tragic*, the *Comic*, the *Pantomime* too:"
He added, that all the Great Men of our Nation,
Would adopt a new plan for their Sons' Education;
They find it now useless to lay in a stock
Of Logic, by reading *such Authors as* LOCKE;
They find *graceful Action*, and *elegant Diction,*
More powerful than reason to carry Conviction:
So a new set of Tutors they mean to engage—
The very best Actors they find on the Stage;
Some *Master* like, SIDDONS, whose Pathos excells—
Or whose Lessons shall imitate *Nature* like WELLS.
And the Lawyers, it seems, who attend the King's Courts,
No longer will trouble themselves with Reports.
The Student finds COKE *upon* LYTTLETON, dry,
And with *Jonson* and *Shakspere* his place will supply;

In short, the *Old* ORATOR's * answer is true—
" That *Action*, and *nothing but Action*, will do!"
Here then I conclude, and shall silent remain,
Till SHERRY begins his Oration again.

* Alluding to the Philosopher, who being asked what was the first qualification of an Orator, answered, ACTION; what the second, ACTION; what the third, ACTION; meaning thereby, that ACTION was enough for an Orator.

# LETTER VI.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

## *MR. SHERIDAN.—THE FOURTH DAY.*

DEAR BROTHER, at last I've the pleasure to say,
That the Orator clos'd his Oration this day.
Tho' EDMUND *his Chief,* who supposes the strength
And effect of a Speech correspond with its length,
In a whisper observ'd—" Now you find yourself stronger,
" You might as well speak for a *week or two longer.*"

Thus SHERRY began :—" Much indebted I own
" Myself to this Court, for the favor they've shewn;
" My LORDS, you'll excuse my again going o'er
" The ground I have travers'd so often before;

" Your Lordships remember I left off with reading
" The *Narrative Part*—and I now am proceeding
" To bring from behind the thick mist of Confusion,
" A *fraudulent Friendship*, and *friendly Collusion*.
" These things came to light from the reading a Letter—
" A *private Epistle*, and so much the better—
" When in private and public we find contradiction,
" That Letter which tends to the *Prisoner's Conviction*—
" That Letter alone we bring forward to view—
" Convinc'd that none else can be possibly true.
" The Prisoner, it seems, thought it matter of wonder
" That MIDDLETON gave him no part of the Plunder:
" That the diff'rence 'twixt him and his Agent was wider
" Than that between LION and *Lion's Provider:*
" That at least it became an *obedient Jackal*
" To remember the *Lion*, and not swallow all.
" My Lords, tho' we make out no *positive proof*
" That these were his thoughts, we've suspicion enough;
" And I trust that this Court will give ready admission,
" In *failure of Proofs*, *to* ASSERTED SUSPICION.
" My Lords, there have been many Letters supprest,
" Some made for the purpose, and some better drest.
" There was one from the NABOB, by which it appears
" He wish'd not to take the BOW BEGUM's *Jaghires*.

" These PRINCESSES had (what our Ladies would think
" Not uncommon) a *whim for good victuals and drink*—
" Too long in the habit of cutting and carving,
" To relish the fashion of pinching and starving.
" Now the Prisoner, who wickedly wanted to force
" Those Ladies to follow some desperate course,
" Thought nothing so likely to stir up a riot,
" As to *weaken their Tea*, or to *alter their Diet*.
" Not all the tyrannical acts of past Ages,
" Not TACITUS; *No!* not the luminous Pages
" Of GIBBON *himself*, can an instance produce
" Of Authority turn'd to so wicked a use;
" No such cruelty ever was exercised in
" This World, since the days of ORIGINAL SIN!
" As to force an affectionate dutiful Son
" To act by *his Mother as* ASOPH has done.
" He forgot in our SHAKSPERE that Precept Divine,
" *Let thy mind be untainted, and nothing design*
" *Against thy dear Mother!*" No, this he forgot——
" Or if he remember'd, he minded it not.
" 'Twas hop'd that the Begums would openly rise,
" And assemble a host by the sound of their cries,
" That HASTINGS might find some excuse for the measure
" He meant to adopt with respect to their Treasure.
" But the BEGUMS, my Lords, tho' of millions bereft,
" *Could live pretty well upon that which was left*:

" They are stricken in years, they are gentle and meek;
" No resentment they feel, and no vengeance they seek.
" E'en now that ourselves with such zeal are pursuing
" This Man, THEY *would weep* if they heard of his ruin.
" 'Twas expedient, my Lords, that these Dames should rebel,
" Or be thought so at least, which would answer as well.
" So IMPEY set off, and collected a pack
" Of strange *Affidavits*, some white and some black,
" And return'd with a budget brim-full in a crack.
" One day, the CHIEF JUSTICE was travelling post—
" The next at LUCKNOW, when, like *Old* HAMLET'S *Ghost*,
" *Swear! Swear!* you must *Swear!* was *Old* TRUEPENNY'S cry,
" To those who stood near, and to those that pass'd by."
" My Lords, this great Man, in assessing the rate
" Of Crimes, had an eye to the wants of the State:
" JUSTINIAN and TIMUR he treated as fools,
" And was guided by COCKER'S *Numerical Rules*.
" *Ye* GUARDIANS *of Justice*, to you I appeal—
" Shall *Private* give way to the *General Weal?*
" *Ye* PRELATES, to whom our Religion belongs,
" Our Country to save may we do private wrongs?

" To decide on this Question, my Lords, is your lot,
" Whether HASTINGS's conduct was useful or not?
" Let the TRUTH *but* APPEAR, and the Battle is won,
" The Verdict is ours!—Now, my LORDS, *I have done!*"

The *Gallery folk*, who, misled by the sport,
Conceived 'twas a *Play-House instead of a* COURT;
And thinking the Actor uncommonly good,
They CLAP'D, and cry'd " BRAVO!" as loud as they could.
Then EDMUND gave SHERRY a hearty embrace,
And cry'd, as he sputter'd all over his face,
" *At supper this night thou shalt have the* FIRST PLACE!"
On thy Leader's right hand be thy dignified seat;
Fat Beef and fat Mutton shall garnish thy Plate;
And when thou hast supp'd, to enliven the soul,
Shall Claret and Burgundy fill up thy Bowl!
The HEROES, who long and successfully fight,
From the *Edicts of* HOMER establish a right
To enjoy the rich Feast with BRISEIS at night.

And now, till the Court shall think fit to renew
The Trial, *Dear* BROTHER, I bid you adieu.

# *BROTHER SIMON*

IN WALES,

TO

# SIMPKIN THE SECOND

IN LONDON.

FORGIVE me, *Dear Sim*, if I'm not deeply smitten,
With your half dozen Letters so fluently written;
And since, after SHERIDAN's heart-stirring summons
A pause is judg'd *prudent* by Lords as by Commons;
And leisure may leave you to listen inclin'd,
I embrace a fit moment to tell you my mind.

Methinks, *Brother Sim*, your adventure was bold,
When you step'd forth an ape of *your Namesake of old*.
*That Simpkin* so pleasant, whose well-mingled satire
Ow'd no poison to Party, no gall to ill-nature;
From Talents and Virtue withholding his sneer,
At Folly HE laugh'd, and the laugh was *sincere*:
In Vanity's Vortex his models he chose,
And *Coxcombs* and *Pedants* alone were his foes.

But you, *my Dear Brother*, with feelings more nice,
Find Ridicule lurking in——horror of Vice;
And efforts of Genius acute and refin'd,
That honour our Country, our Age, and Mankind,
Deform'd in your verse, take a farcical mien,
Where Pleasantry check'd, wears the features of Spleen:
Too angry for Humour, for Censure too gay,
Your irony dies in plain story away.
And, while we lament that your Arrows are shot,
Where Envy and Party in vain seek a blot,
We cannot avoid, *Brother Simpkin*, be sure,
Suspecting your motives may not be quite pure.
And thus, when you tell us you're glad to the heart,
" * *That the Orator* SHERRY *has finish'd his part* ;"
When you say, " *that some letters are meant for* CONVICTION,"
We own that you there drop the *language of fiction.*
Beware, *Brother Simpkin*, this Painter sublime,
Who has lately engross'd your bespattering Rhime,
In a playful effusion of Fancy has shewn,
A *Portrait* that some may mistake for *your own* ;
A *Plagiary Author*, Retailer of Scraps,
Purloin'd from a Brother—from ANSTEY perhaps:
All Candour without, but all Envy within,
A smile ill concealing the horrible grin ;
Who fain would be witty and archly severe,
While from eyes swoln with rage, gushes forth the hot tear.

* Vide Simpkin's 6th Letter.

The *Picture in* PARSONS yet gladdens the scene,
Nor need I repeat, 'tis SIR FRETFUL I mean.

Then warn'd, *My Dear Brother*, with SHERRY have done,
Nor hang up your Blanket 'twixt us and the Sun;
For lo! through the pores of your thread-bare design,
The rays of the God more resplendently shine.

## LETTER VII.

### *SIMPKIN THE SECOND*

### NOTICING SIMON.

SOME fellow, *Dear Brother*, assuming your Name,
My letters to you has thought proper to blame;
His Censure's convey'd in a dissonant Chime,
With *one Line for Sense*, and *another for Rhyme!*
He talks about "SHERIDAN's Heart-stirring Summons,"
For no other use but to *jingle* with *Commons*;
Then he speaks of *Old* SIMPKIN, whose well-mingled satire
"Ow'd no Poison to Party, no Gall to Ill-nature."
Such uncouth ideas in every line
Prove clearly, the Writer's *no Brother of mine.*
He tells me, forsooth, "that he's not deeply smitten
"With my half dozen Letters so fluently written:"
Were he not below notice, some Lines I would write him,
That, if he can feel, should effectually smite him.
One moment *he thinks*, and the next *he is sure*,
That "my motive for writing is not very pure."
If SIMPKIN *the Second* he really knew,
He would own, with a blush, his *Suspicion untrue.*
By his boldly obtruding *Suspicion* for *Knowledge*,
One would think him a *Student of* SHERIDAN's *College*;

But when I consider how feeble his Pen,
SHERRY never could own him—as one of his Men.
Once more then, *Dear Brother*, I bid you adieu,
And will write nothing more till *requested by you.*

*P. S.*—As to SHERRY himself—just to fill up the void,
*In suppressing all Theatres*, now he's employ'd;
And having in ACTING accomplish'd some Fame,
He's preventing all others—from doing the same.
For that excellent Precept has ne'er met his eye,
"*Do to others, oh Man! as thou would'st be done by.*"

THE

# *REAL SIMON IN WALES*

TO

## SIMPKIN THE SECOND IN LONDON.

My *dear Brother* Simpkin, with heart-felt concern,
From reading *The* World *of last Monday*, I learn,
That some impudent Knave had the boldness to send you
Some Lines *in my Name*, with a view to offend you.
The Work I disclaim, and 'tis my resolution,
If I find out the Rogue, to commence Prosecution.
No, *Brother*, your Letters must always delight us,
And we hope you will ever continue to write us.
When the *Simpleton* call'd you "Retailer of Scraps,"
One would think that he meant to give Sheridan Slaps:
Of Novelty careless, *you* only profess
To give Sheridan's *Speech*, a *Poetical Dress*.

Sir Lawrence Llewellyn, return'd to his Seat,
Last night gave his Friends, the Electors, a Treat;
Sir Lawrence, you know, is a man of high breeding,
And excessively fond of *Theatrical Reading*;

He said, " SHERRY's *Speech* was an excellent Piece
" Of *Patch-work*, with Shreds brought from ROME
and from GREECE;
" But should Poets and Orators try him for Theft—
" Like the *Jackdaw* of old, would a Feather be left?"
Sir LAWRENCE observ'd 'twas exceedingly odd,
To hear of an Actor becoming a God.
But he thinks this *new* GOD, should in gratitude foster
And support his Creator,—this SIMON *Imposter*.
Sir LAWRENCE consider'd the Scribbler's obtrusion
Of Sir FRETFUL, a very unhappy allusion.
Now, I bid you farewell, till the Parliament ends,
When, I hope *My Dear* SIMPKIN will visit his Friends.

## LETTER VIII.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER SIMON IN WALES.

HUZZA, *my dear Boy! Renovation of* FUN!
The Curtain's drawn up, and the Play is begun!
You have read in POPE's *Homer*, how *Royal* ATRIDES
Used to summon to Council, that *Bully*, TYDIDES;
MENELAUS, *the Cuckold*—strong AJAX, sage NESTOR,
ULYSSES, the crafty—THERSYTES, the Jester:
With *Worthies*, like those, he was wont to debate,
How to conquer *old* PRIAM, and ruin his State.
To each separate Leader, that part he assign'd,
As would best suit the pow'rs of his body and mind.
For sloth and remissness, he *some* reprehended,
And some, for their courage and zeal, he commended.
So *the* POST and *the* HERALD, announce to their Readers,
Has EDMUND, *great* EDMUND, that *Leader of Leaders*,
To Council conven'd the whole *Corps of Conductors*,
With *Attornies* and *Counsellors*, *legal Instructors*.
When they all were assembled,——BURKE rose to explain
The plan he had form'd for the opening Campaign.

" Ye *lingual Champions*, would the ALMIGHTY bless
" Our unremitted labours with success,

" Soon should we stretch this EASTERN VICTIM low,
" And proudly triumph o'er our hated Foe.
" But HEAVEN, alas! to Us its aid denies,
" HASTINGS, e'en yet, is favour'd by the skies;
" *Eight tedious years* have pass'd, since I began
" To war with this unconquerable Man;
" All means, all arts, all stratagems I've tried,
" And fought with FOX and PARTY on my side;
" For terms opprobrious, ransack'd JOHNSON through,
" Till JOHNSON's *Learning yielded nothing new.*
" I tax'd my brain, inventive, to traduce
" The Foe, by strong diversified abuse;
" But vain my toil, the Public still admire
" The Man who boldly braves a PATRIOT's *Ire.*
" Oft has Despair excited me to yield,
" And leave my Foe the honour of the Field.
" But now I see *one ray of comfort spring,*
" While NOBLES mourn *the Sickness of the* KING.
" *Come, then, my* HEROES, be the Fight renew'd,
" And WARREN HASTINGS may be yet subdu'd."

Here EDMUND ceas'd—th' assembled Chiefs agreed,
'Twas *theirs* to follow, as 'twas *his* to lead.
Then BURKE resum'd—" *My Friends*, bear well in mind,
" The part to each bold Leader I've assign'd;
" *The Heaven-born Lawyer*, FOX, shall *singly* stand,
" Oppos'd to yonder formidable Band;
" His powerful Eloquence shall over-awe
" DALLAS and PLUMER, with *their Leader*, LAW.
" Their weaker Notes, his thund'ring voice shall drown,

" His *Eye-brows* awe them, with terrific frown.
" By some fine turn toward a dangerous hit,
" Or gall the Enemy with strokes of wit;
" To paint the Matron's wrongs, or cause to flow
" The tears of Pity, for *fictitious woe*;
" The various beauties of the STAGE to cull,
" Give life and spirits, when the COURT grows dull;
" To please the Ladies, make the audience merry,
" My hope and confidence are plac'd on SHERRY:
" But let him heedful of the darts he sends,
" Wound not *obliquely*, as before, *his* FRIENDS.

" To prove in TACTICS, HASTINGS' want of skill,
" His *Military Plans*, concerted ill;
" To prove that long, unparallel'd *success*
" Makes, if well understood, *his Merit less*;
" That 'tis not CONQUEST stamps the *Hero* GREAT,
" Since *Honours*, *Wealth*, and *Fame*, *attend* DEFEAT:
" This be *thy* glorious task, *oh*, *Great* BURGOYNE!
" And NORTH and ERSKINE, if they please, may join.
" ANSTRUTHER, ADAM, TAYLOR, MAITLAND, GREY,
" May, as occasions rise, come into play.
" Should SHERRY's Wit, or CHARLES's Reasoning fail,
" They, to consume the time, may storm and rail:
" With dirt and mud, bedaub the PRISONER thick,
" Perchance some fragments on his coat may stick.

" You, *Brother* DICK, shall be our *Serjeant Prime*,
" The *Fugal-Man*, to watch, and give the time.

" When sparks of Wit illuminating shine,
" I'll *tip the Wink*—do you *repeat the Sign*,
" And, in loud laughter, let the Phalanx join.

" DOUGLAS, the *Green Bag* I consign to thee;
" Let LAWRENCE hand each document to me.
" I trust the Banquet to th' ATTORNEY's skill;
" TROWARD shall tax, and pay the *Landlord's Bill.*
" These, COADJUTORS, be your separate Tasks,
" These are the duties which *your* LEADER asks."

He said—and bursts of general applause
Presag'd their future ardour in the Cause.
The *meaner part* to *youthful* GREY assign'd,
Corrosive prey'd on his aspiring mind;
His pride was touch'd, his vanity was hurt;
A SCAVENGER, *forsooth!* and *deal in Dirt!*
With eye indignant, viewing *Marshal* BURKE,
He cried, " My soul disdains such paltry work;
" For *throwing Mud*, and all such vulgar stuff,
" Thou need'st no aid—*thyself canst throw enough!*
" No—let the part *I* take be *nobly large*,
" I *singly* claim the *Conduct of a* CHARGE;
" I pant, I burn, for Oratoric Fame,
" With FOX, with SHERIDAN, to join *my* Name.
" If this my just Request shall be denied,
" EDMUND, *farewell! I take the better Side.*"

BURKE, in reply, thus sooth'd his *testy Friend*:—
" Thy Warmth I pardon, and thy Zeal commend;

" To thee hereafter, I'll a CHARGE consign,
" And thou *another* SHERIDAN shalt shine!
" When *Change of Power* puts PITT within my reach,
" Or NORTH, or *I*, will *that rash Boy* IMPEACH!
" Not PITT *alone*, but *more* we have in view—
" ALL who approv'd *the Phantom*, we'll pursue.
" Of aid like thine, we much shall stand in need,
" And Causes various thou shalt have to plead."

Here *the Meeting broke up*, so I've only to add,
It is strongly suspected, that EDMUND *is mad!*
For he means, as we hear, to bring forward a Charge
Against PITT, *both the* HOUSES, and NATION at large!
LORDS and COMMONS he reprobates loudly, for closing
With PITT's *Limitations*, and PITT for proposing:
In his *Moments of Phrenzy*, his Rage he expresses
'Gainst those COUNTIES and TOWNS that have sign'd the *Addresses*.
Like CAIN, he has made HUMAN NATURE *his Foe*,
And at all who approach him, he levels a Blow.

Here my Letter I close; but should EDMUND's *Proceeding*
Supply me with aught that is worthy your reading,
Be assur'd, I shall quickly dispatch you another.
For the present I rest your affectionate Brother.
SIMPKIN.

FROM

## *SIMON IN WALES*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

WHAT a strange world it is, BROTHER SIMPKIN! we're in,
Of lies, and confusion, of folly, and sin!
And *the Right* and *the Wrong* seem so twisted about,
That I'm sure at this distance they can't be found out.
But PARTY I fear is the cause of the *bastings*
So lavishly given to poor WARREN HASTINGS.
And I oftentimes think all the MANAGERS cruel—
That their FIRE is *Resentment*, and MALICE the *Fuel*.
Else why should DICK SHERRY and good MASTER BURKE,
On the subject of *Plunder* and DEBTS make such work?
Dire spectres of MASSACRE call up to view,
When they surely might know, NOT A WORD OF IT'S TRUE.
Indeed I must own that I pity the ears
Of their LORDSHIPS, the BISHOPS, and DIGNIFIED PEERS;

I pity the LADIES, so modest and nice,
Who heard all the *filthy descriptions of vice.*
And which, while the SPEAKERS so lavishly paint,
Some Ladies suppos'd the best thing was—*a faint.*
But even for HASTINGS a *something* I feel,
Which by chance may be wrong—but my heart is not steel;
For I see him surrounded, by foes, in his chair,
Who attack him like dogs that *are baiting a Bear*;
While he's nothing to do, but observe what they say,
*And expend the* NET SUM OF THREE HUNDRED A DAY!

As for EDMUND, who *sickens the Senate with prate,*
I've not got a doubt but he's crack'd in the pate;
For whether 'tis BEGUMS, or WARS, or THE NATION,
He's sure to come forth with a DAMN'D BOTHERATION,
While his speech is so crowded with tropes, and allusion,
With logick, and metaphor, wit, and confusion;
Is so gay, and pathetic, or solemnly deep,
That *his* FRIENDS run away, and *his* FOES *fall asleep.*
A Simile oft I've endeavour'd to find
For this man, but could never get one to my mind.
Yet I think—he resembles a *rusty Conductor*
That *points* to the HEAV'NS, but is *fix'd to a structure*;
That *hourly* contends with the elements' rage,
But a *flash of true* LIGHT'NING gets *once in an age.*
Well, I trust WARREN HASTINGS has worth to defy all
The bitter attacks of his foes, at his Trial;
That truth, and integrity, plac'd in the scale
'Gainst dark persecution, will ever prevail;—

But hold—let me stop—what a race have I run,
*Dear* SIMPKIN! another ten words, and I've done.

I hope very soon you will send me a letter,
Confirming the news that HIS MAJESTY's better;
But the STOCKS still inform me, in spite of disguise—
*For they fall when* HE's *worse*; *when he mends, why they rise*;
Yet never before was such great consternation
Betray'd,—from the dread of a *new* 'MINISTRATION;
One would think from the general terror, I swear,
That their conduct, and characters, ar'nt very fair.
But of this I know nothing, and heedless of scandal,
I value plain truth in a TURK or a VANDAL.—

Sure PITT merits praises, in prose as in rhime,
For the stand he has made at this critical time;
And of HIM and his PHALANX we proudly may sing,
For *their guard of the* COUNTRY, and *care of the* KING;
Yet stories by some spread abroad of the PRINCE,
A spirit of cruelty rather evince—
For surely, *my* BROTHER! it ne'er could have been,
That HIS HIGHNESS each night at the OP'RA was seen!
That he gave himself up to the FOLLIES *of* FASHION,
And lost in *wild riot the* TEARS *of* COMPASSION:
That when thro' the country swift sorrow had run,
*The* FATHER *was pitied by* ALL, *but the* SON!—
That *clubs*, and *gay parties*, and *music*, and *glee*,
Were the types of that feeling, *none wanted but* HE,—

That by REGENCY *cares* not a moment oppress'd,
*As usual*, he drank, and he sung, and he dress'd;
And mocking Propriety, grasp'd at dominion,
But scorn'd *e'en to flatter* the PUBLIC OPINION.

Such stories as these are the work of the Devil,
Contriv'd by the base, for the purpose of evil,
And far other treatment he ought to have prov'd,
As doubtless he wept for the PARENT he lov'd,
In *decent Retirement* has kept out of sight,
And lost in his anguish *the taste of delight*;
Has duly consider'd the prospect before him,
And taught all the people t' admire and adore him.
*Dear* SIMPKIN *adieu!* I have nought more to send—
But remain your affectionate BROTHER and FRIEND.
SIMON.

# LETTER IX.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

At length, *my dear* Brother, with pleasure I tell
Yourself and my friends, that His Majesty's *well!*
The Monarch whose Sickness *his Subjects* deplor'd,
By the *blessing of* Heaven, again is Restor'd!

You remember, perhaps, that I formerly said,
'Twas suspected that Edmund was *touch'd in the Head*;
Some thought my assertion was matter of sport,
But now all the Papers confirm the report;
They describe him one day full of spirits and gladness,
The next like a *Spectre*, dejected with sadness,
In the Booksellers' Shops, seeking *Books* upon Madness;
At St. Luke's and in Bedlam inspecting the Cells,
To see in what comfort Insanity *dwells*.

Till his friends can provide a fit Keeper, they say
He is under the care and tuition of GREY;
Who permits not *his Patient* to join in debate,
Without *feeling his Pulse*, to *discover his* STATE.
So knowing is GREY, he can tell by the touch,
If EDMUND's in danger of saying too much;
When his visage grows red, or his pulse becomes strong,
GREY knows, if he speaks, 'twill be *flamingly wrong:*
One day when B— spoke, and G— fail'd to attend him,
To the *Tower* some whisper'd a motion to send him,
But others more tender, lamenting his case,
Thought BEDLAM by far a more suitable place.

You will ask to what cause is his Malady owing?
In this, like yourself, I am very unknowing;
Discuss'd it has been, but as yet undecided,
On this point his acquaintance and friends are divided.
Some say, that his spirits, inflammably hot,
Boil and bubble at times like a SOAP-BOILER's *Pot*,
And that the eruptions which happen'd of late,
Were nothing in fact, but *the steam of his* PATE.
The DOCTORS, to shew their deep learning, explain
How ideas by friction may wear out the Brain;
And compare the inside of *the Orator's Head*
To an Old Woman's *Carding Cloth* worn to a thread.
The METHODISTS say, that his Conscience is stung
By his conduct Political when he was young;
But others will have it—to this very hour,
He would ruin the Kingdom, if 'twas in his power.
The CLERGY believe his Disorder a sign

Of *just Retribution*, and *Vengeance Divine*;
But the major part think, his Finances disjointed,
His ambition all humbl'd, his hopes disappointed,
Have occasion'd a *Fever Malignant*, and thence
They account for the frequent PRIVATIONS *of Sense*;
But if it be true, that the MONARCH's neglect
Of Merit, can cause such a *dismal effect*;
Were it certain a lucrative Office would cure him,
And enable the COMMONS *again to endure him*;
We all should solicit HIS MAJESTY's *grace*,
And if possible get him a PAYMASTER's *place*.

But when you reflect on the wonderful change,
In Political prospects, you'll not think it strange,
That B— should go out of his mind, or perhaps
If you hear by next Post of CHARLES FOX's *Relapse*,
Or of SHERIDAN's Creditors *op'ning their Throats*,
Having touch'd upon some *most unmusical* NOTES.

[This SHERIDAN, Brother, observe, is the same,
Who assumes in the Papers JOE SURFACE's *name*;
*This last* to adopt is henceforth my intention,
Just honour to do to the *Author's invention*;
HE *himself* gave the *Name*, and the character drew
*As he look'd in his Glass*—So the LIKENESS *is true*.]

To return—*this* TRIUMVIRATE, scarce a week since,
Were coming in *Ministers* under the PRINCE,
And there can be no doubt but the general voice
Had loudly applauded HIS HIGHNESS's *choice*;

For who like JOE SURFACE is skill'd in *Finance?*
Or can equal CHARLES FOX in the *doctrine of* CHANCE?
Less judgment it needs in this critical age,
To *govern a* KINGDOM than *manage a* STAGE.

That Invention is ever the Daughter of Need,
Is one of those Truths in which all are agreed;
And those who beheld the most difficult scenes,
Have quickest conceptions of WAYS *and of* MEANS;
What exhaustless resources *that Genius* displays,
Who neither the *Interest nor Principal pays!*
Who even additional Credit can get,
*From ad* INFINITUM *increasing his Debt!*

Now, since to this Nation her Debts are distressing,
*Such* MINISTERS must be a NATIONAL *Blessing:*
And BURKE, when in humour and Office, was fit
To amuse the *Young Members* with sallies of wit;
With some funny story a laugh to create,
And divert their attention from matters of State.
Indeed I must think, tho' I dare not aver,
ROYAL WISDOM in some points is subject to err,
For no men of judgment would e'er have expected,
That talents so useful should be so neglected.
Howe'er, as the KING is restor'd to his Health,
They must bid adieu to HOPE, HONOUR, and WEALTH.
Their *Dreams* of AMBITION delusive are fled,
For the Minister's yet not OFFICIALLY *dead*;
PITT falsifies JOSEPH'S *Prophetic Expression*,
Concerning his "last dying Speech and Confession."

The TRIUMVIRATE now may go separate ways—
JOE SURFACE again to the writing of Plays;
CHARLES FOX on the Continent finish his ramble,
Or teach the *Young* PRINCES at BROOKES's to gamble;
And BURKE, if he ever recovers his Senses,
May harangue to the LORDS, when the TRIAL commences.

SIMPKIN.

P. S. The LORDS and the COMMONS of IRELAND have sent
COMMISSIONERS here, an Address to present,
To make the PRINCE *Regent*, which now, to be sure,
Proves rather precipitate and premature;
This however, affords little matter for Wonder,
As the IRISH have right of prescription to BLUNDER.

# LETTER X.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER

IN WALES.

I TOLD you, *Dear* BROTHER, a month or two back,
That BURKE was preparing another attack.
After fixing, unfixing, refixing the day,
The LORDS have at length put an end to delay,
So EDMUND came forward, attended by GREY.
You have frequently heard, that with Men of the FIST,
BOTTLE-HOLDERS, like SECONDS, make part of the list.
And thence the new fashion, 'tis probable, sprung
To appoint BOTTLE-HOLDERS *to Men of the* TONGUE:
So EDMUND, intending to batter the ears
Of the CHANCELLOR, JUDGES, and *dignify'd* PEERS,

Has his *Bottle Man* also, and frequently sips,
To wash out his mouth, and to moisten his lips.

Thus EDMUND began—"We are come from a place
Where we heard a great deal about MERCY and GRACE;
About *thanking the* LORD for restoring the KING,
Which most people think a *desirable thing*;
But, my LORDS, the best praise we can offer to GOD,
Is freely to exercise JUSTICE's *Rod:*
Some curious folk in another place, ask
In how *many years* more we shall finish our task?
My answer is short—that I cannot pretend
To form an idea of *when it will end.*
When the purpose for which it was first undertaken
Is answered, *'tis likely* it may be forsaken.
But I cannot conceive that the duty is hard,
Since *Labour for Labour* is ample reward.

If much of the Sessions already is spent,
It arose from a late most afflictive event.
What with *mourning*, *rejoicing*, *thanksgiving* and *preaching*,
We have not had time to proceed with IMPEACHING;
But I trust that *Both* HOUSES will now be at leisure
To hear me go on, and I'll do it with pleasure.

The story, my LORDS, which I now have to tell,
'Tis probable, may not be relish'd so well.

No BEGUM of fierce violation complains;
No RAJAH groans under the weight of his chains;
And sorry I am, that I cannot regale
Your ears with a RAPE, or *some delicate tale.*
'Tis but seldom, indeed, in these *liberal* times,
Opportunity serves of committing such crimes.
But before I the subtle distinctions describe
Petween PEESHCUSH, and NEZER, and RISHWET, a Bribe,
You must know that the people whose cause we are pleading,
Have transmitted PETITIONS to stay our proceeding:
They roundly assert, *that* THEY *never sustain'd*
*Those cruel distresses of which* WE *complain'd.*
The Petitions, I grant, are *authentic* and *true,*
But, *my* LORDS, what is THAT to *the* COMMONS or YOU?
It can't save the PRIS'NER, I venture to say,
Since all must allow WE know better than THEY;
And like the OLD BAILEY, in this case, I hope
GOOD *Character clearly* PRESAGES *a Rope.*"

Just here, BURKE was seiz'd with a drought on his lip,
So he just said "My Lords," and repeated his sip—
The Pris'ner, my LORDS, while he fill'd that high station,
Was the source of Corruption and base Peculation;
All kinds of Corruption were of his contrivance,
Or supported at least by his purchas'd connivance:

For when the DEWANNY, my Lords, was withdrawn
From the NABOB's Instructor, MAHOMED RIGA CAWN,
Not a man could be met with so virtuous and just
As to fill that important, respectable trust:
Not a man could be met with sufficiently wise:—
Then to whom do you think he directed his eyes?
To *a Female*, my LORDS, the DEWANNY he gave,
To a *dancing Girl* truly, that sprung from a slave.
I do not allude to those *elegant dances*
Whereby *a fair Lady her Beauty enhances*;
But to that kind of Dancing which young men admire
In Ladies that skip it and dance it *for hire*.
MUNNY BEGUM, the object of HASTINGS' Election,
Sole Regent was made, without any *Restriction*.
*No Restrictions*, *my* LORDS, she was perfectly free,
As *Regents*, I think, *should in general be*.
But the powers of Regent alone would not do,
ARCHBISHOP he made her, and CHANCELLOR too.
The NABOB's *dear Person*, his armies and treasure,
Were all at *this* BEGUM's, the dancing Girl's, pleasure.
And here let me ask, can your LORDSHIPS suppose
That he was not paid for it—*under the Rose?*
Was it likely that HASTINGS these offices gave her
Without *some return* from the PRINCESS's *favor?*
And we could establish against him, with ease,
*Three hundred and fifty odd thousand* RUPEES,
If the man who inform'd us that HASTINGS was fee'd,
Had not *died on the Gallows*, for *forging a Deed*.

The Counsel may urge, that no credit is due
To a wretch that *was hang'd*—that it *cannot be true.*
But let them beware how on this they insist,
Lest I add a new Charge to the *Criminal List*—
That HASTINGS and IMPEY concerted a plan,
*To* MURDER *a Noble, an innocent Man.*
Suppose that some scandalous fellow should say,
An ARCHBISHOP *in robes* had robb'd on the highway,
Or a CHANC'LOR been publicly guilty of *Plunder*,
Who would not receive it as matter of wonder?
But whenever we hear of an *Eastern* NABOB,
We annex the idea of *Plunder* and *Job.*
We *presume* on his guilt from this circumstance strong,
And 'tis not in nature that WE should be *wrong:*
The PRIS'NER's vast Stomach, your LORDSHIPS will find,
Occasion'd a *Famine* wherever he din'd;
And indeed it is wonderful how he could eat
*Up two hundred pound,* at a *single day's treat!*
MUNNY BEGUM, who fed him, would frequently say
It cost her two hundred pounds sterling a day.
HASTINGS eat *in three months* what was meant to support
A *hundred black Peers* at the PRINCESS's Court;
And whilst this *strange Glutton* was lavishly fed,
A hundred old Nobles were starving for bread.
Like a *Vulture* he snatches his food from the grave,
Nor preys, EAGLE-*like,* on the *living* and *brave.*
Ye PRELATES and BISHOPS, suppose if you please,
An Intruder should lick up *the fat of your* SEES.

For when the DEWANNY, my Lords, was withdrawn
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Like a *Vulture* he snatches his food from the grave,
Nor preys, EAGLE-*like*, on the *living* and *brave.*
Ye PRELATES and BISHOPS, suppose if you please,
An Intruder should lick up *the fat of your* SEES.

Or suppose that a man, without any pretension,
Should devour at a meal any *Nobleman's Pension*.

As EDMUND was earnestly putting these cases,
It somewhat affected their reverend faces.
Howe'er, BURKE went on with his pleasant Oration,
Till, as usual, he stopp'd to repeat his potation.
Whene'er he grew dry, to his DOCTOR he beckon'd,
Who acted this day BOTTLE-HOLDER and SECOND.
When his Patient was tir'd, GREY would read us a Letter
By way of amusement, till EDMUND was better.
Thus being alternately BUTLER and *Reader*,
Four hours he supported his eloquent Leader.

But to finish the subject—When EDMUND had rail'd
Four hours against HASTINGS, his energy fail'd;
And in spite of his *bottle*, and *frequently drinking*,
He found that his strength and his spirits were sinking;
But indeed I must own, he possesses more vigour
Than one could expect from his *manner* and *figure*:
At length quite exhausted, the Lords he address'd,
On the MANAGER'S *part*, with an humble request,
That they would be pleas'd, for that day to adjourn,
To give time for his spirits and strength to return.
I hope you will like this Epistle, *dear* BROTHER,
And if EDMUND finds matter, I'll send you another.

# LETTER XI.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR BROTHER, I went to the COURT,
Expecting from BURKE *a renewal of Sport*;
Where, like others, I found myself *much disappointed*
By the Orator's faculties being disjointed.
The cause of his illness I wanted to find,
And heard many whimsical reasons assign'd:
Some said the disease was increas'd in his head;
Some said he was drunk, and lay stretch'd on his bed;
Some thought he was seiz'd with a fit of the vapors,
At something that morning *in one of the papers*—
That a certain GREAT PERSONAGE meant to insist
On expunging his name from the COUNSELLORS' LIST.

Being thus disappointed, I hasten'd away
To ST. STEPHEN'S to hear what the COMMONERS say:
There I found MAJOR SCOTT, by Petition was trying
To restrain able Speakers from wilfully lying;
But if BURKE's not allow'd to say more than is true,
He'll furnish no matter for writing to you,
And I must, of necessity, bid you adieu.

When EDMUND recover'd, the PAPERS gave warning
Of his speaking again the next Saturday morning;
So I went to the Hall, and resum'd my old station,
Expecting another most brilliant Oration—
But alas! *my dear Brother*, you must not accuse
ME of *Dullness* this day, if I fail to amuse:
For BURKE, though he spoke for three hours, or more,
Only *travers'd the ground he had travers'd* BEFORE.
His language was *beautiful*, vastly *sublime*,
And I wish I could do it *strict justice in rhime*:
He drew a strange picture of HASTINGS's diet;
At his feast on disgrace, of his *infamy*, riot.
In Corruption, the Prisoner's delight is to lie,
And "*in excrement wallow, like pigs in a stye.*"
"To your LORDSHIPS aready it must have appear'd
With Corruption the Prisoner's all over besmear'd;

With Corruption *this* HASTINGS is cover'd so thick,
When I see him, my stomach turns suddenly sick:
The disease of Corruption has been so neglected,
The COMPANY's *Settlements* all are infected;
Not HASTINGS *alone* is corrupted, *but all*
*Who breathe the* PESTIFEROUS AIR *of* BENGAL!
Yet tho' 'tis so bad that I cannot endure it,
I fear 'tis impossible ever to cure it.
We *have no direct proof of Corruption*, 'tis true,
But in failure of that, *strong Presumption will do.*
Corrupted he was by the *Dancing Girl*'s treat,
And you can't have forgotten the Dinners he eat.
*Two hundred pounds sterling*, this gluttonous sinner
*Three months unremittingly eat at a dinner*;
But the thing at which I am so highly offended,
Is the manner wherein the large sum was expended:
No part was expended on music or singing,
On *Dancing Girls*, *Illuminations*, or *Ringing*;
No friend ever tasted the milk or the honey,
*'Twas a feast of Corruption*, a FLOW OF DRY MONEY,
To a desert, a jungle *this* TYGER withdrew,
To prey on the victim his cruelty slew.

"But, my LORDS, if this circumstance is not enough,
I'll give you another, to strengthen the proof:—
When his much *honour'd Colleagues* in Administration
Accus'd him of Bribery, and Peculation,

*Their President* would not submit to his trial,
Nor confession of guilt would he make, nor denial;
Instead of exposing himself to conviction,
He disputed their power, and usurp'd jurisdiction."

Here EDMUND a number of reasons assign'd,
WHY HASTINGS the *Honour of Trial* declin'd;
Why as yet the DIRECTORS no answer had got,
Whether NUNDCOMAR's *Stories* were founded or not.

(Here 'twas whisper'd, that EDMUND to state had omitted
That HASTINGS conceiv'd himself fully acquitted;
For to NORTH, or Directors, if doubt had appear'd,
By one Question alone, every doubt had been clear'd.—
No scruples remain'd, but from frequent Election,
By Minister, Parliament, and the Direction,
All loudly proclaim'd to the World their opinion,
And conferr'd upon HASTINGS extensive Dominion.)

Now EDMUND, more loudly returns to his cry,
Of "*Presumption, Conviction*, and HOG *in a* STYE."
*Not a Man ever went* to that infamous place,
But is deeply involv'd in this Culprit's disgrace,
*All, all*—HIS *Accomplices*, wicked and base.

I do not, however, said EDMUND, intend
To include PHILIP FRANCIS, *my worthy*, DEAR *Friend*,
Nor his *honest Associates*; but barring *these Three*,
They are *all* KNAVES or ROGUES, in the highest degree.
And indeed, my *dear Brother*, you cannot but think,
That so much Corruption must *horribly stink*;
And believe me, I smell it whenever I meet
An *Indian* NABOB, as I travel the street.
The Nobles, I trust, will this season recal
Their *Relations* and SONS, from *contagious* BENGAL;
What a horrible thing, if such base peculation,
Were imported from thence to an *innocent Nation!*

*Three hours and a half* on this subject alone
The Wit of the Speaker resplendently shone:
He resembl'd *a Colt*, in his circular lunging,
Now *walking*, now *trotting*, then *kicking* and *plunging!*
In like manner did BURKE run his circular Race
*Two days*, without *changing* or *shifting his place*:
"'*Tis an excellent Pad!* as your *Horse-Dealers* say,
That can pace *on a Trencher*, the length of a day."
If this can a merit in ORATORS be,
'Tis BURKE's, all allow, in exalted degree:
On PRESUMPTION, CORRUPTION, the charges he rung,
Till at last it exhausted, and wearied his tongue.

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On PRESUMPTION, CORRUPTION, the charges he rung,
Till at last it exhausted, and wearied his tongue.

He said he had more than *half-open'd* his Charge;
That his Friends would hereafter, explain and enlarge.
With this declaration their Lordships were struck,
And thought themselves born to exceeding *hard luck*.
That THEY should *be Peers* in such turbulent times,
Of enormous *long Speeches*, IMPEACHMENTS, and CRIMES;
When Speakers, like Bruisers, make trial of strength,
And the WORTH *of Orations, depends on* THEIR LENGTH.

'Tis reported, *dear Brother*, that some of the Peers,
Who think they can't live *a vast number of years*,
Direct that THEIR SONS, should the Trial attend,
That their Titles and *that* may together descend.

I observ'd, that though EDMUND was frequently dry,
*No Bottle appear'd*—but I cannot tell why,
I took notice of something more strikingly strange,
TO HIS CORPS, his behaviour has suffer'd a change:
His Language this day was *more gentle* and *mild*,
And he spoke like a Father addressing his Child;
But before, when he spoke to his humble Adjutors,

'Twas the stile and the manner of *Ushers* and *Tutors*.
As he finish'd, it struck me, Fox shrugg'd up a shoulder,
And GREY shew'd *his teeth*, on being call'd—BOTTLE-HOLDER.

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When Speakers, like Bruisers, make trial of strength,
And the WORTH *of Orations*, *depends on* THEIR LENGTH.

'Tis reported, *dear Brother*, that some of the Peers,
Who think they can't live *a vast number of years*,
Direct that THEIR SONS, should the Trial attend,
That their Titles and *that* may together descend.

I observ'd, that though EDMUND was frequently dry,
*No Bottle appear'd*—but I cannot tell why,
I took notice of something more strikingly strange,
TO HIS CORPS, his behaviour has suffer'd a change:
His Language this day was *more gentle* and *mild*,
And he spoke like a Father addressing his Child;
But before, when he spoke to his humble Adjutors,

'Twas the stile and the manner of *Ushers* and *Tutors*.
As he finish'd, it struck me, Fox shrugg'd up a shoulder,
And GREY shew'd *his teeth*, on being call'd—BOTTLE-HOLDER.

# LETTER XII.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

You remember, last season, that JOSEPH foretold,
With a spirit prophetic, that EDMUND the bold,
Would one day or other th' IMPEACHMENT condemn,
And declare to the COMMONS 'twas owing to them;
That he ever was HASTINGS's friend in his *heart*,
Though compell'd to accept of a *Manager*'s part.
I thought such a change could not possibly be—
JOSEPH knew him, however, much better than me:
It seems that they swindled him into the taking
Of a part, which he is on the verge of forsaking.
But I cannot conceive at what people are aiming,
By the present circuitous mode of disclaiming.

I said in my last, that the MAJOR was trying
By *Petition*, to lay an *embargo on Lying*;

This was owing, I find, to the Orator's quoting
Some Articles not of the Commoner's voting;
Misdemeanors they voted, but EDMUND went further,
And in two or three instances charg'd him with *Murther!*
So HASTINGS the House has address'd by Petition,
To know whether THEY authorize *the addition?*
This occasion'd last *Monday* a curious Debate—
In a hasty short sketch, all the points I'll relate.
When EDMUND heard PITT and some Members confess
That HASTINGS's Case call'd aloud for redress,
And SCOTT pledg'd his word, that the Orator knew
At the moment he spoke, that *the Charge was untrue*;
His feelings, long callous, now sensibly stung,
In a moment unbridled his violent tongue.

"Indeed, Mr. SPEAKER, 'tis vastly absurd,
To expect me to answer for every word—
When an Orator's Speeches are rapidly flowing,
He must speak some words without thinking or knowing;
Do you think, in the hurry of cutting and *flaying*,
That we can find leisure for gauging and weighing;
Or pray, are the Managers here to be treated
Like *Shylock*, whom *Portia* so knavishly cheated?
Or can a Dissecter so able be found,
As to cut human flesh to *exactly a pound*;

To cut just one pound, and there instantly stop,
Without drawing blood, without spilling a drop?
If that be your meaning, I freely protest,
(At that moment applying his hand to his breast)
'Tis more than a *Catholic Christian* can do—
(Then pointing to CHARLEY) *or even a Jew.*
But, Sir, when the Criminal felt himself pinch'd,
You might have complain'd, had the Managers flinch'd;
Had they suffer'd a cause so important to drop,
Or fall on their heads from the want of a prop.
Let them point out the time, if we have been remiss—
Did we spare him in that? Did we screen him in this?
No, Sir, where the Cause was deficient in strength,
*Our Speeches have amply supplied it by length.*
But, Sir, 'tis my wish to be fully instructed,
In what manner this Trial should now be conducted,
If when we perceive our own Evidence failing,
We are not to support it by storming and railing?
NUNDCOMAR's Accusation must certainly sink,
Unless we can prevail on their Lordships to think
That he of his life was unjustly depriv'd,
And that HASTINGS and IMPEY the Murder contriv'd—
But, Sir, if the COMMONS think fit to deny,
Or give *Amplification* the name of a *Lye*;
If the MANAGERS' conduct the HOUSE should condemn,

I can prove *all I utter'd, proceeded from* THEM;
As they heard my Oration, and let me proceed,
They not only *approv'd,* but *committed* the deed.
'Tis the COMMONS of ENGLAND, the People at large,
Who HASTINGS and IMPEY as *Murderers* charge;
When they forc'd me to take the *Chief Manager*'s part,
(An Office I always dislik'd in my heart)
When they coax'd me, and swindled me into this scrape,
(Where they leave me alone, that themselves may escape)
'Tis certain that they, whether waking or sleeping,
Their consciences left to the Managers' keeping—
Mr. SPEAKER, I say, 'tis a terrible case,
If I am to be try'd, and expos'd to disgrace,
And stand in my turn in the Criminal's place.
Those who sit in this House, and my person behold,
Must sensibly feel that I'm rather too old;
That life is already too far in advance,
For me now to join in the *ludicrous dance:*
My legs and my heels not sufficiently light,
To *cross over and figure,* and *turn to the right.*
Shall I, the first figure that's seen in the group,
Who with dignify'd step have conducted the troop—
Shall I lay of a sudden these honors aside—
For exceeding my duty submit to be try'd?

No, no—to myself I will ever be just,
Though the House should think fit to deprive me of trust;
And indeed, 'tis a favour I now have to ask,
To be kindly reliev'd from a difficult task;
But if I am to finish the work I've begun,
And allow'd to proceed as I've hitherto done,
You shall never complain that I'm idle or slack,
Or any wise backward to lead the attack;
You shall soon see the Criminal *bare to the bone*,
While I *tear off his flesh* by the *sod* or the *stone*;
But if on the other hand I am disgrac'd
In the eyes of all Europe, by being displac'd;
Posterity's praise shall compensate the wrong
Done to me, *by those who have known me too long*."

But alas! my dear SIMON, in spite of this pleading,
The Commons approv'd not of EDMUND's proceeding,
And therefore they voted t' appoint him a day,
As perhaps he might have something farther to say;
But EDMUND conceiv'd it was grossly mis-spending
His time and his words, to go on with defending,
So he sent them a *Letter*, instead of attending.
On HASTINGS and *Friends* 'twas extremely *satyric*;
On *Himself* and his *Party*, a high *Panegyric*:
But MONTAGUE, when he had done with the Letter,
An Eulogy made that was stronger and better.

He enlarged on those Talents which EDMUND has got,
And describ'd many Virtues—some say, he has not.
Th' *Encomiast* concluded his friendly Oration
With pronouncing aloud *a stale Latin Quotation:*
That BURKE's Understanding, transcendantly fine,
Grasps all that is Human, and all that's Divine!

You must know, my Dear BROTHER, a notion prevails,
That SIMPKIN *is not a true Native of Wales.*
That SIMPKIN and SIMON are old fashion'd Names
That never a *Taffyland Gentleman* claims;
But most people think that *my Letters* are writ
By a DUTCHESS of SCOTLAND, renown'd for her Wit,
And Zeal for the *Administration* of PITT.

The question CADWALLADER wants to propose,
"Is JOSEPH or BURKE the best Poet in Prose?"
The next time I attend at the *Westminster Forum*
It shall be debated *Judicibus coram.*
And indeed the best Critics are free to confess,
Their Speeches assume a poetical dress.
'Tis thence without trouble, or waste of much time,
I give the contents of their Speeches in rhyme.

Dear BROTHER, adieu; but I'll write you again,
Tho', as matters now stand, I can scarcely say when.

# LETTER XIII.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

At length, *Brother* Simon, the business is ended,
For which Hastings's *Trial* was lately suspended.

When the Lords were assembled, *great* Edmund came in
With a Countenance woeful, th' effect of chagrin,
Which put me in mind of *the Picture of* Sin.

" *My Lords*, the last time I appear'd at your Bar,
I told you a story about Nundcomar.
I said, he by Impey and Hastings was hung,
In order to silence his garrulous Tongue.
" *They murther'd the man*," was the term that I used,
A Term *good enough* for the Pris'ner accused;
But the Commons, *my Lords*, have been suddenly seiz'd
With a Nausea, I find, and are vastly displeas'd.

Their *Consciences tender*, can't bear a Transgression
Of TRUTH—and therefore disavow the Expression.
But, *my Lords*, notwithstanding the COMMONS reprov'd me,
I am proud to declare that they have not *remov'd me:*
My Constituents, perhaps, may be somewhat disgusted,
Yet still they believe, I am fit to be trusted.
And I soon will convince them by Arguments strong,
That their judgment is neither ill-founded nor wrong.
Tho' I am not permitted to add a New Charge,
On those which I have I will dwell and enlarge:
Tho' I lower my stile, and new model my Diction,
According to this late invented Restriction;
Tho' of *Amplification* I'm partly bereft,
I will make the best use of the *little that's left*;
And here by the by, I've been often complaining,
That the SENATE of late is too fond of *restraining*;
Should your *Lordships* ask, why I liberty took,
Of stating a fact that was *not in the Book?*
The reason is plain, I most perfectly knew,
That HASTINGS would tell you no Credit was due
To the bare *ipse dixit* of one who was try'd,
And for FORGING a *Paper, with infamy died.*
I call'd it a *Murder*, but 'twas at a time,
When *I wanted a* WORD to distinguish a crime;
Our language is poor, and our words are so few,
Their *meaning so weak*, that they never can do
For HASTINGS's Crimes, *so atrocious and new.*

I wanted a word just distinction to draw,
Betwixt *moral Murder*, and *Murder by Law*;
'Tis a *sort of a Murder*, that's no where defin'd,
Tho' I've got the idea somewhere in my mind:
But, *my Lords*, it behoves me to make some excuse,
For the present Apology long and diffuse,
(Here he gave us a spice of his annular speaking,
And *Apologies made, for Apology making!*)
But as soon as the final Apology ended,
And his conduct approv'd by himself, and defended,
He observ'd to *the* LORDS, he had told them before
The Charge was half open'd, or probably more:
That only two days were employed in revealing
What HASTINGS had spent many years in concealing—
But no longer to build on the Grounds of *Suspicion*,
I now shall make use of the Prisoner's admission:—
In seventeen Hundred and Seventy-three,
The KING and his PARLIAMENT made a Decree,
'Gainst the Company's Servants *accepting a Fee*;
That whoever took money, the same must produce,
And give it all up to the COMPANY'*s use*.
This Clause by the Pris'ner was so understood,
As to let him take bribes for the *Company's good*.
Impress'd with this notion, it seems that his coffers
At all times were open to liberal offers."

Here EDMUND with infinite humour describes
*A new Court* of EXCHEQUER for taking in Bribes,

There FRAUD the high office of *Treasurer* took,
OBLIVION there kept the *Remembrancer's Book*;
EXTORTION assess'd the respective Amounts,
And CONFUSION, the *Auditor*, pass'd the Accounts:
His Agents were vile *Banyans* and *Gentoos*,
A species, indeed, of *black Brokers* and *Jews*.
Now EDMUND casts up all the several sums,
By Units, Tens, Hundreds, by Thousands and Plums.
The Prisoner, *my Lords*, has been put to his shifts,
With respect to concealing these Presents and Gifts;
Of FORGERY I would accuse him *with pleasure*,
Were I sure that the COMMONS would sanction the measure:
But they are so *scrupulous*, *nice*, and *exact*,
That they want to confine me to MATTER of FACT—
But I trust, I shall not be, as formerly treated,
If I only assert that the *Criminal* CHEATED;
Gave in false Accounts, and his Letters misdated.
His Accounts and his Letters were form'd to beguile,
His Accounts are *Pindaric* in matter and stile;
His Letters are *Oxymel*, (nasty) of *Squills*,
They are Purges, Emetics, and Boxes of Pills.
These letters were highly offensive indeed,
For EDMUND himself was unable to read;
So TAYLOR, whose stomach is not soon affected,
Read over these Letters, as EDMUND directed.
The Orator now *Virgin-modesty* shocks,
By imputing to HASTINGS *the Tail of a Fox*;
Then the Company turns to a LION *rapacious*,
And HASTINGS a *Jackall* of stomach voracious.

In this way he proceeded, comparing and railing,
'Till at length he perceiv'd that his spirits were failing;
Then he begg'd that the Lords would appoint him a day.
To hear something more it behov'd him to say.

Indeed, *my dear Brother*, we have to lament
The restriction on BURKE as a cruel event;
For though he is equally keen on accusing,
He is not, as formerly, half so amusing.
I heard many Ladies the MINISTER blame,
Who is jealous, 'tis said, of the Orator's fame:
They think it is strange and absurd, that a Youth
Should fall so in love with the *Goddess of Truth*;
They say it is an *odd, unaccountable Passion*,
Unknown to *fine Speakers* of Merit and Fashion.
But I take it, the principal cause of their dread,
Is danger, if such an example should spread;
If the *Beauties of Speech* Men are taught to condemn,
*Deception* may soon be disrelished in them.

But now, *my dear Brother*, this Letter I end,
As remarks of this kind might the LADIES offend;
And perchance I might get myself into the clutches
Of a *Woman of Wit*—and that Woman—a DUTCHESS.

FROM

## *SIMON IN WALES*

TO HIS

## BROTHER SIMPKIN IN TOWN.

THE Letters, *dear* SIM. you obligingly write us,
Never fail to instruct, to amuse and delight us;
But though we've no cause to arraign your neglect,
We have reason to think you not always correct.
We do not complain of your making additions,
Of perverting the sense, but of sundry omissions.
Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN, who often frequents
ST. STEPHEN'S, is here for his *Michaelmas Rents:*
And yesterday, sitting at Table with him,
A Servant announced *an Epistle from* SIM.
He had heard of your Name, and said he should be proud,
If I did him the favor to read it aloud.
So I read it all over as well I could;
He thank'd me, and said "that your Verses were good;
But that many things pass'd at that very Debate,
Which he wonder'd that you should forget to relate,"

A Narrative Mr. LLANSTUFFIN began,
Which I'll versify now as exact as I can.
He said, that CHARLES FOX display'd infinite cunning
In perplexing the business; whose shifting and shunning
He compar'd to a Cock that fights *wheeling* and *running*.
He said, one might travel a seven day's journey,
Before one might find such a *fogging Attorney*:
One moment a MANAGER's *Rights* he maintain'd,
That his character sacred could not be arraign'd:
The next, he with subtlety strove to revoke
The words which the ORATOR *granted*, HE SPOKE:
And what EDMUND himself was so free to confess,
FOX *doubted*, and question'd it never-the-less.
The Writers might well be suspected of leaning,
Or of taking the words, and omitting their meaning:
Besides, 'twere *a shame* to refer to a Note,
Which a *Man*, not a MEMBER *of* PARLIAMENT, wrote.
And the Members who heard *their* CHIEF MANAGER speak,
Were either asleep, or their memories weak;
And as to confession, 'twas highly unfit,
Advantage to draw from what BURKE might admit.
Now CHARLEY contends that it only belong'd
To the Lords, to redress any man that is wrong'd;
Then he hints, that should censure excite his disgust,
It might drive him, perhaps, to relinquish his trust.
'Tis observable, this *tautological Speaker*
Is *louder* as much as his *argument's weaker*:

By bawling and noise, he creates a *diversion*,
To cover the fallacy of his assertion:
By experience he knows, he can always engage
Attention, by *seeming to be in a rage*.
He often affects such a puffing and blowing,
That his words, for a time, are prevented from flowing.
Senators now, from long habit and fashion,
Own his right, by prescription, to be in a passion.

Here LLILLY digress'd, and the characters drew,
Of all the *Rhetorical Speakers* he knew.
He said, it was vain and absurd to expect
The Papers could give us their speeches correct:
And since I preferr'd Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN
To YOU, *Brother* SIM. or a Partizan's puffing,
As he spoke, in short hand MEMORANDUMS I took,
Which I've enter'd at large in my red cover'd Book;
And if till next Winter in leisure I live,
Their characters all to the public I'll give:
For indeed I must own, though I do it with shame,
I envy your praise, and poetical fame.

As Mr. LLANSTUFFIN these characters drew,
He said something of EDMUND, which if it be true,
I'm surpris'd that it was not related by you.
The *critical part*, which it seems you forgot,
Was EDMUND'S *Reply to the* CHARGES *of* SCOTT;

Who declar'd that the former was fully acquainted,
At the time he that picture so horrible painted,
(At which female tenderness *water'd* and *fainted.*)
That to HASTINGS no blame could be justly imputed,
And that since, the whole calumny had been refuted.
To this EDMUND answer'd, Altho' I agree,
I have but *One Witness* to weigh *against Three,*
What signifies that, when I prudently chose,
To give credit to *this,* and to *disbelieve* THOSE?
I stated as much as *my purposes* FITTED;
The rest I deem'd false, and 'twas therefore omitted.
This method of acting may possibly do,
As a subject of animadversion for you:
You may say with a laugh, that this mode of proceeding
Is owing to BURKE's *Jesuitical breeding*;
That Orators, when they engage in disputes,
Mention only as much as their purposes suits.
But you know, that the *innocent Natives of* WALES
Are extremely averse from the garbling of tales;
And we think that this BURKE, whom you seem to admire,
Is not half so good as a *Taffyland Squire:*
And rather than I would such company keep,
*I would live on the* HILLS with the GROUSE *and the* SHEEP.
But though I have given free scope to my Pen,
Don't let it prevent you from writing again.

'Tis true, that myself and some others have noted,
To the interest of BURKE you are too much devoted.
And it has been suspected you are in his pay,
In Verse to record all he chooses to say.
But this, *Brother* SIMPKIN, I know is untrue,
We are no PARTIZANS, so I bid you Adieu!

## LETTER XIV.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

ALAS! *my dear* BROTHER, ill omens portend,
That our long Correspondence draws near to its end:
I conjure all my friends, not to construe th' effect
Of misconduct in PITT, into SIMPKIN's *neglect.*
Oh! may that STATESMAN ever hated be
By all the Muses in the same degree,
Curs'd by APOLLO, as by BURKE and ME!
The *buds of* FANCY in luxuriance blowing,
Like Eastern Wind, *his Breath* pestif'rous blighted;
The stream of Oratory sweetly flowing——
That stream it dry'd, which you and me delighted.
The fragrant flowers in ELOCUTION's *spring,*
Like morning frost, HIS *breath* congealing nip'd;
In plumage gay, IMAGINATION's wing
Soaring aloft his Hand unhallow'd clip'd.
In ELEGY solemn no more to complain,
As curses and prayers are both equally vain;
I must tell you, but not without horror and dread,
That the rage of Restriction seems likely to spread;

But I should not break in at the midst of a story,
So I'll lay the Proceedings in order before you.
Many PAPERS last Tuesday were read by the CLERKS:
Whose dryness was moisten'd by EDMUND's Remarks:
" By reading these Documents, 'tis my intent,
" Of the *soot of* CORRUPTIONS to give you *the Scent.*
" The scent of Corruption is lasting and strong;
" If we follow our Noses, we cannot go wrong."
Then sniffing and snuffing, BURKE followed the track
Of Corruption, like BRAWLER, *the Head of the Pack*;
But in spite of this hunt, and the musical cry
Of BRAWLER, the sport grew insipid and dry.
By Ladies the Court was but thinly attended,
And *the* CLERKS seem'd asleep ere the business was ended.
For the *Use of* LOGICIANS, I beg leave to add,
Where *Presumption Affirmative* cannot be had,
A NEGATIVE one may be put in its place,
As a Substitute good in a *Criminal Case.*
This doctrine to some appear'd dang'rous and new,
But in HASTINGS's Case, EDMUND says it will do.—
Last THURSDAY again I attended the COURT,
Without any reason to boast of the sport.
Oh! how I admire this most wonderful Man,
For contriving a new œconomical plan!
As the COMMONS, you know, have refus'd him permission
To indent at his pleasure for new Ammunition;
The Balls which lay scatter'd and spread on the plain,
Are collected by GREY, *and fir'd over again.*

In this Cannonade so terrific and hot,
NUNDCOMAR and his Charge were unlawfully shot.
But to speak in plain language, as GREY was proceeding,
The Counsel objected to what he was reading:
They said, that no credit was due to the tongue
Of a slanderous fellow, for *Forgery* HUNG!
Now CHARLES, to keep HASTINGS's *Counsel* in awe,
In argument rose against PLOMER and LAW.
You have heard it by many repeatedly said,
Like CHARLES's there never existed a head.
His Head is a rich *inexhaustible mine*
Of Arguments plausible, subtle, and fine:
'Tis a BANK, where the *orders* of SOPHISTRY pass,
And are paid on demand in *Lead*, *Copper*, or *Brass*.
This Man whose acuteness discover'd a fault
In every species of Evidence brought
To convict BURKE of having said more than he ought;
Tho' EDMUND was twice heard to own and declare it;
Tho' the Writers took Notes, and were ready to swear it;
Tho' CHARLES was twice present, and happen'd to hear it;
Tho' the *Members* themselves heard the ORATOR speak;
All this was incompetent, futile, and weak.
This man, who contended against the admitting
All proofs such as these, from being highly unfitting,
Now proves to the COURT, *in this* CASE to dispense
*With an* OATH, is consistent with JUSTICE and SENSE.

" But in *lieu of an* OATH, or the Pris'ner's admission,
" We have NUNDCOMAR's *word*, and a *load of* SUSPICION.
" And tho' he on a *Gibbet* for FORGERY died,
" Does it follow from thence that he constantly lied?
" I say (and 'twas seemingly said with REGRET)
" We have brought the best proof WE *could possibly get.*
" 'Tis the custom of all the LAW COURTS of *our* KING,
" To *accept the best proofs* PROSECUTORS can bring;
" And when there is doubt of what People advance,
" To *cast up the Odds*, and be GUIDED *by* CHANCE.
" When you think of the Character now at your Bar,
" And of HIS, who *accus'd him*—the said NUNDCOMAR—
" Can any one harbour a doubt in his breast,
" But the *word* of the LATTER is *safest* and *best?*"
This reas'ning of CHARLES, tho' *exceedingly good*,
Was either not relish'd, or misunderstood;
For the LORDS to their Chamber agreed to withdraw,
To consult with their Oracles, *Men of the* LAW.
This determin'd the COURT for that day to adjourn,
And I hear that next Wedn'sday they mean to return;
But whatever their LORDSHIPS may wisely decree,
It will work no effect upon BURKE or on ME.
The *genius* of CHARLES no Eulogium can raise—
It is *proof against* SHAME, and *superior to* PRAISE;
He turns like a *Gig*, and you'd wonder thereat,
In a person like his, so *unwieldy* and *fat.*

All his friends and his enemies freely confess
His versatile powers, his art, and address.
There is nothing so white, there is nothing so black,
But CHARLEY can either defend or attack.
Before, *my dear* SIMON, I lay down my pen——
(As I may not find matter to write you again),
I must tell you, that HASTINGS's *Counsel* objected
To BURKE in a manner I never expected:
For HE, who had been so extremely profuse,
Who had scarcely omitted *one term of abuse*;
Who, when his own language could furnish no more,
Lamented its being so barren and poor—
So *repeated* the same he *had utter'd before*.
In the field of an argument ample and spacious,
He gave to some action the name of "*Audacious*."
The COUNSEL of this to *their* LORDSHIPS complained,
And BURKE for indelicate terms was arraigned:
You will judge from this trifling, this simple event,
What reason I have to complain and lament;
If BURKE is confined to *decorum* and *order*,
I'll relinquish my Pen, and the *Post of* RECORDER.

# LETTER XV.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

LAST Wednesday, *Dear Brother*, their LORDSHIPS decreed
That NUNDCOMAR's *Charge* was improperly read:
That is, as their CONSCIENCES *could not believe it*—
They thought that they legally could not receive it.
When the CHANCELLOR said, "that *their* LORDSHIPS were come
To this Resolution," *poor* EDMUND was dumb.
He stood, like a Spectre, aghast and affrighted,
Then pray'd that the Words might again be recited.
The words were repeated—The MANAGERS pray'd
*For time to consult*:—So the TRIAL was stay'd.
You remember that MILTON has finely related
That when the *Black* PRINCE was in battle defeated,
He to Council conven'd all his LEADERS *in Black*,
To consult about making another attack.

So EDMUND, extremely distress'd and perplext,
Consults with his friends upon MEASURE *the next.*
Awhile they sat sullen: then JOSEPH arose,
And thus spoke to the Chiefs in *poetical prose*:

" Th' ADVICE I offer'd at the last debate,
" Was then rejected, and I now repeat
" You will repent it, and repent too late."
Why do we thus encounter endless shame,
Like desperate Gamblers play a losing game?
The very Sufferers, whose Cause we try,
DISOWN *it*, and *their Advocates* DENY.
The HOUSE which sent us here to plead this Cause,
Disgusted too, its confidence withdraws:
*The* LORDS, who ought to favour and protect us,
On all occasions slightingly neglect us.
Oh! that it never had been undertaken,
Would that the Cause last week had been forsaken.
Here MONTAGUE put in to save the name
Of his *dear* BURKE from everlasting shame.
" Fatal, alas! the consequence must be
" To this great Cause, if LEADERS *disagree:*
" Shame and Defeat attend desponding fear,
" Whilst FORTUNE yields to those who PERSEVERE.
" New Batt'ries 'tis our duty to provide,
" And cannonade the Fort on every side.
" *You*, CHARLES, a thund'ring Battery must erect,
" To bear upon the *Bastion* INTELLECT.

" And JOSEPH—you, behind the curtain stealing,
" Must undermine *the* COURT on *fudge* and *feeling*;
" Let EDMUND's Battery on their *Patience* play,
" To beat down *that*, already giving way.
" Pleas'd with th' advice, the CHIEFS with ardour burn'd,
" DISSOLV'D the Council, and to COURT RETURN'D."

Now EDMUND begins to lament and complain,
That the *foot of Corruption* is scented in vain:
That if probable Evidence cannot be taken,
The Cause to its very Foundation is shaken;
And CHARLES also thunder'd against the decision,
Till *their* LORDSHIPS consented at length to revision
To determine, if what they rejected before,
As it loudly demanded admission once more,
Might not be let in at the *Kitchen Back-door?*
A while they withdrew—to their Room to debate;
The result was—*That they would not open their Gate.*

Now EDMUND pathetic, begins to implore
They would kindly conduct him to some *other Door:*
Ah! why will your LORDSHIPS permit us to stray?
We are *ignorant Travellers* losing our way.
Then EDMUND in passionate language began
To prove that *himself* was an *ignorant Man.*
That a *large Stock of Ignorance* fell to the share
Of himself and the flock that is under his care.

That they could no solid advantages draw
From their Consultations with *Men of the Law*.
Just here a thought suddenly enter'd my head,
Which *in private*, to you, may with safety be said;
If they want either Will or the Power to assist,
Their Civilians and Counsellors might be *dismist*;
For why should the NATION incur an expence,
In the hire of *profound legal Knowledge* and *Sense*,
From THOSE, to themselves who so closely have kept it,
Or if BURKE did not think it *worth while* to accept it?

To RETURN to the subject of EDMUND's oration;—
He said, "that CORRUPTION and base PECULATION,
From their LORDSHIPS' resolve would extensively spread;
That they aided in raising INIQUITY's *Head*."
FOX thinking that he could be *louder* and *stronger*,
Would not suffer his LEADER to speak any longer;
Awhile there appear'd a *confusion of tongues*,
But CHARLEY prevail'd by the strength of his Lungs.
He prov'd to the LORDS, 'twas exceedingly wrong
To expect from the MANAGERS evidence strong:
That they should not be squeemish, but joyfully take
The proofs that are offer'd *for Justice*'s sake.
And since *all the Doors* below stairs were shut,
To the *Window* a *Ladder* CHARLES artfully put.

(For tho' by the late unexpected conclusion,
The Doors were close barr'd against daring intrusion,
That does not amount to a *total exclusion.*) ·
Again to their Chamber their LORDSHIPS withdraw,
To put this new Question to Men of the Law.
There is *one* Dr. PARR, it behoves you to know,
Who won all the MANAGERS hearts long ago,
By a *cramp Latin Preface of broken Quotations,*
In praise of their Politics, Parts, and Orations;
This *Personage* often attends in their Box,
To *glean hints for his* SERMONS *from* EDMUND *and* FOX;
And perhaps as a *Casuist,* deep to suggest
Some subtle *new Quirk* when the Cause is hard prest,
Or to furnish *dry Scraps from* OLD AUTHORS: at least,
He can never be requisite *there* as a PRIEST—
For *intentions so pure,* and such MEEKNESS of SPIRIT,
Must of course, and of right, HEAVEN's *Kingdom inherit:*
Unless as *a Chaplain,* they'd have him say grace,
For *success on their Arms* ere the battle takes place.
This same MANAGERS' Box, I've observ'd to be lin'd
With *hungry Expectants* of every kind.
And PARR, as a *Regency* BISHOP ELECT,
Has a claim to a seat *among those who expect.*
For finding his LATIN, his WIG, and his BIRCH,
All too weak to secure *his ascent in the* CHURCH,
He dashingly join'd OPPOSITION in form,
Determin'd to *carry a Mitre by* STORM!

I have much more to say, but this moment a Friend
Is come in, and of course, *my Epistle* must end.
Howe'er of *Remissness* you shall not complain,
I mean by next Post to address you again.

# LETTER XVI.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

I TOLD you, *dear* BROTHER, their LORDSHIPS retir'd
To consider of that which *the* LEADERS requir'd:
*On* THURSDAY, the day to which they had adjourn'd,
They met, and Lord THURLOW their Answer return'd;
Which was, "That *their* LORDSHIPS not being *asleep*,
"'Twas impossible *now* thro' the window to creep!"
Here EDMUND brought in a Poetic Quotation,
Which attributes to NOW, *an eternal duration:*
He said the word *now*, was a cruel obstruction,
A difficult *Problem*, too *hard* for reduction;
That *the* MANAGERS meant to return to their College,
For Physical and Metaphysical knowledge;
Or *some sort of knowledge*, informing them how
To purge from the Cause *such obstructions* as NOW.

After these observations, BURKE finish'd his Pleading,
And *the Clerk* for awhile was engag'd with his Reading;
Then EDMUND that Evidence offer'd once more,
Which *the* LORDS had rejected so often before;
And by way of supporting his present pretension,
Of NOW, and of THEN, he describ'd the *dimension*.
The periods of NOW, with exactness he reckon'd,
And said THEN, was *the first*, and that NOW, *was the second*.
Here *the* CHANCELLOR wish'd that *the* LEADERS would say
What motives they had for thus forcing their way!
Then CHARLES, in his vehement manner of storming,
The QUESTION *evades*, and objects to informing:
He said, 'twas *the* MANAGERS' duty to try
(As HASTINGS would neither confess nor deny)
To construe his silence, his want of expression,
Into *probable Guilt*, and *presumptive Confession*.
He added, had HASTINGS's Conscience been clearer,
He had shewn no omissory sullen *demeanour*:—
" Suppose that I heard any person complain
" Of its being my fault, that so many were slain
" Of the WESTMINSTER PEOPLE that voted for HOOD,
" I would surely deny it *as long as I could*——
" And if *I* this moment were put on my Trial,
" I would not be found Guilty, *for want of* DENIAL."
Now EDMUND put in, and with ardour besought
*Their* Lordships would kindly pass over a fault;

He hoped, and he trusted, they would not reject
The proof he could bring, for so trifling defect—
That so high a tribunal ought not to be ty'd
To the Forms, and the Rules whereby LAWYERS decide,
But CONVENIENCY take a less fallible guide;
For if Pains and Penalties are not inflicted
On *Eastern Delinquents*, till fairly convicted,
The MANAGERS here may a long time harangue
Before they may see any one of them hang;
And if *probable Evidence* is not admitted,
The Prisoner's in danger of being acquitted.
*Living* WITNESSES into this country to bring
From INDIA, *my* LORDS, is a difficult thing:
There was but *one* BRAMIN who ventur'd to cross
The Sea, and he felt irretrievable loss,
Nothing less than the *family title of* DOSS.
This allusion just then I did not comprehend,
'Till 'twas clear'd up by EDMUND's particular friend;
And as he detail'd an agreeable story,
I'll digress for a moment to lay it before you:—

## A STORY.

### BURKE—*The* BRAMIN—*and the* HOT-HOUSE.

*One* GOONISHAM, my Authors say,
Was bred a *Joiner* * at BOMBAY;

* The Carpenter Cast is extremely low in India.

Where, by some damnable transgression,
He lost *his Cast* and his Profession.
He gave his Jailor too, the slip,
And got on board an Europe Ship;
There hiding underneath the deck,
From *Halter* sav'd his forfeit Neck.
When GOONISHAM to *England* came,
He heard of EDMUND's sounding fame,
And adding DOSS to his Surname,
With that *Enthusiastic*, past
For *Bramin** of the highest Cast.
Now BURKE, with exultation big,
Like him who got *the Learned Pig*,
Grasps at this fund of information,
To furnish many a long Oration.
At home invites him to reside;
An offer which the SAINT deny'd.
EDMUND provided next a Treat—
The scrup'lous FATHER would not eat;
A *Jesuit's Table* would not suit him,
A *Christian's Dwelling* would pollute him.
Now BURKE fits up, at vast expence,
A HOT-HOUSE for his residence;
The *old Exotics out he threw*,
To make provision for *the new*.
Pines and *et cæteras* out of number,
Were thrown away as useless lumber:
The House was warm'd with constant fire,
And all things done to his desire;

* The Bramin Cast is the highest in India, being of the Order of Melchisedeck.

Then EDMUND begg'd his Rev'rend Master,
T' instruct him in his *Holy Shaster* *.
No sooner does the Scholar ask,
Then GOONISHAM begins the task.
Without a Book he glibly reads
Four of his *own-invented Bedes* †;
Ordaining Ceremonies faster
Than *Mahomed*, or *Zoroaster* ‡.
As far as BURKE could comprehend
The broken English of his friend,
He thought the doctrine vastly fine,
Angelic, heavenly, and divine:
And lest the fragment should be miss'd,
He got a learned Man t' assist,—
—'Twas JONES, the *Orientalist*.
You've read the Story of the *Pigeon*,
That brought *Mahomed* his Religion;
Just so this *sable*, *humming Bird*,
From *Ram* § to EDMUND brought the word:
The two Disciples now prepare
A *Shaster* with uncommon care;
Which BURKE keeps ready to produce,
As often as it is of use.
But now the Ship departeth hence,
And BURKE, by way of Recompence,
At parting made a long Oration,
For this said Joiner's Revelation:

* Hindoo Bible. † Four Books of Hindoo Scripture, or Four Gospels
‡ Zoroaster, the Persian Moses. § Ram, a Hindoo Dewlah.

Bound for BENGAL, the *Renegade*
On board the Ship resum'd his trade;
So to CALCUTTA made his way,
(Not daring to approach BOMBAY:)
There known too well, he laid aside
The *name of* DOSS, the BRAMIN's pride.

---

To return to the HALL, BURKE proceeded to show,
That all the Low Courts were *too vulgar* and *low*;
That their practice was *pitiful*, *paltry*, and *mean*,
Not fit to be followed, scarce fit to be seen.
That this *high* TRIBUNAL should constantly act
By *general opinion*, not *matter of fact*.
Here EDMUND was making a monstrous ado
About some bloody Letter, and **Cantabah Booh*;
When CAMDEN observ'd, that the Leaders had try'd
To shove themselves in upon every side.
But tho' they had fail'd, yet the COURT did not venture
To say there was *no place* at which they might enter;
One conclusion, however, he wish'd them to draw,—
If they enter, it must be, *according to* LAW.
He therefore requested them, *now* to decide,
How many more *apertures* were to be try'd;
But the LEADERS perceiv'd his intent was to fix,
And, perhaps, guard against their *old Harlequin tricks*;

* Mr. Burke's method of pronouncing it.

So requested the COURT would excuse them from saying
What cards they *now* hold, and keep ready for playing.
Then CHARLEY, with argument subtle, contended,
The *First Period* of NOW, must be perfectly ended;
That Himself and the MANAGERS hop'd and expected,
In *Period* the *Second*, they'll not be rejected.
He ended—their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd to decide—
If the Hole they attempt, be *now* open and wide.—
As CHARLEY thus play'd his diversify'd Game,
It put me in mind of that Beast of his name;
Whose Paws are so noted for stealing and picking,
Who one night carried off my *old Hen and her Chicken.*
My Guns and my House-dogs, my Bolts and my Locks,
Were too weak to resist the attempts of *that Fox.*
And into the Mansion, I'll venture a bet,
By *Hook* or by *Crook* that *this Biped* will get.
This day by an accurate Measure 'twas found,
The MANAGERS gain'd not an inch of new ground:
And PROVIDENCE seems in no hurry to bless
Their pious attempts with expected success,
Notwithstanding the Pray'rs of that brave *Devil-fighter,*
Who I yesterday told you, was *storming a* MITRE.
Adieu—if next Wednesday sends food for my pen,
Be assur'd, *my lov'd* SIMON, I'll write you again.

# LETTER XVII.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER SIMON IN WALES.

LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR BROTHER, the *Westminster* COURT
Was expected to furnish much matter of Sport;
And as PEGGY and GWYNNY had never gone thither,
We borrow'd a Coach, and proceeded together.
Not all the fine Words of those *eloquent Sparks*,
Not the still finer Documents read by the CLERKS,
Were half so diverting as PEGGY's Remarks:—
She said, "that the LEADER, the *Captain Impeacher*,
Resembled her Aunt's Methodistical Teacher;
She was pleas'd to the Life with his Praying and Canting,
And offended as much by his Raving and Ranting:
She thought that so much of the *Irishman's Howl*,
Made the Stream of his Eloquence muddy and foul.
Her Anxiety now, the dear Creature expresses,
For the wear of the *Bayes* and the Managers' Dresses,—

Who might, if they had œconomical Sense,
In *Monmouth-Street* change them at little expence."
I took down what she said, and hereafter shall beg ye
To read with attention the sayings of PEGGY;
And if PEGGY's wit is unable to win ye,
I shall try to succeed with the sayings of GWYNNY.
For the Girls on the *Mountains* of *Taffyland* bred,
Have Ideas as strange as can enter a Head.
The Remarks of these Girls were so new and amusing,
That I lost a great Portion of EDMUND accusing;
Howe'er, to continue my narrative Plan,
I'll report all that happened as well as I can:——

When the CHANCELLOR said, that the LORDS had agreed
That NUNDCOMAR's Charge was improper to read,
Poor EDMUND appear'd to be sadly confounded,
Not knowing on what this Decision was grounded:
He said, "PECULATION, however notorious,
Would now be triumphantly great and *uprorious*,
And HASTINGS, he fear'd, would at last be victorious.
He said, that this look'd like a *Holy Contrivance*
Of *Canonical Men*, for the sake of Connivance—
My LORDS, I do say, a Nabob's Peculation
Is wrapp'd up as close as a PRIEST's *Fornication*:
If a *Parson* that damnable Crime should commit,
The Judges who try'd him were bound to acquit,
According to *Ecclesiastical Law*——
Unless 'twas an Act *thirty-two People* saw;

And to guard against Falsehood and slanderous Lies,
They must see the Fact openly done with their Eyes:
But to prove that a BISHOP convers'd with a Miss,
Requir'd *forty Witnesses* added to this."
An agreeable Doctrine to *Prelates* and *Graces*,
Whose Feelings appear'd in their risible Faces;
And the Ladies, by Sympathy, seem'd to discover
The advantage of having a *Spiritual Lover*.
Now I'm sadly afraid that *Wives*, *Widows*, and *Misses*,
Will confine to the CHURCH all their favours and kisses;
And should to this Plan every Girl but accede,
The *Benefit of Clergy* were envy'd indeed!
Here EDMUND a Letter proceeded to quote,
Which he strongly suspects the *Old Dancing Girl* wrote;
'Twas to prove the sum total of HASTINGS's *fees*
Amounted to more than *three Lacks of Rupees*.
He said, that as Ladies of that injur'd nation
Were excluded from view, by their custom and station,
They must have *some method of communication*.
And 'tis not in Nature, your LORDSHIPS may say,
To block up a Lady, or *stop up her way*;
And as Ladies can never be *false* or *absurd*,
Instead of an oath we may credit their word.
Tho' *Ecclesiastical*, *Civil*, and *Common*,
Tho' no law admits the bare word of a Woman,—
Tho' EQUITY, CHANCERY, always reject it,
The *High Court of* PARLIAMENT *ought to respect it*.

If no Rule can be found, we can't possibly take one,
'Tis therefore the MANAGERS' duty to *make one.*
And since we've no Evidence stronger and better,
Be so good as t' accept of the *Dancing Girl's Letter.*—
Now EDMUND affected to treat as a joke,
The doctrine of Evidence, written by COKE;
And of all the absurdities he ever saw,
The greatest absurdities were in the LAW.
Tho' their LORDSHIPS' decision was certainly good,
As the principle of it was not understood—
He admitted, however, for fear he should wrong 'em,
There was *great Understanding and Learning among 'em.*
But as they retir'd to their room to debate,
Where *himself* and *Friends* have no claim to a seat,
He could not divine, on what basis they built
Their *mortal aversion* to *probable guilt.*

As the MANAGERS daily grow keener and keener,
To establish *omissary Rules of* DEMEANOR;
And to save such a number of *music-less Dances,*
They at last had recourse to their *well-belov'd* FRANCIS.
*This Gentleman,* when he appear'd at the Bar
To give some Account of the *said* NUNDCOMAR,
By the Counsel of HASTINGS was suddenly stopp'd,
And I cannot tell why, but the *Business was* DROPP'D.
GWYNNY ask'd me to tell her the MANAGERS'
*meaning,*
In trying to settle new modes of demeaning?
But PEGGY conceiv'd the intent of these Rules
Was *Improvement of Youth* in the MANAGERS' *Schools.*

By repeated defect BURKE grew peevish and fretful,
And LAWRENCE supposing him rather *forgetful*,
Was correcting some technical *Error in Trade*,
(Which he must understand, *being recently made*)
When BURKE his kind offer, morosely rejected,
And the *young* CIVIL LAWYER stood justly corrected.

As the *Post bell* is ringing, this Letter I end,
But another, next week, I shall certainly send;
For as long as *the* LEADER goes on with his pleading,
I can furnish you always with plenty of reading.
That the ORATOR's Arguments merit renown,
Is th' opinion of all the *News Writers* in Town.

# LETTER XVIII.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

"YOURSELF and *my* COUSINS are frighted," you say,
"At my silence last week, and unlook'd for delay:"—
I promis'd another Epistle should follow,
But I promis'd without the consent of APOLLO:
Oh, BROTHER! a cruel disorder invades,
And ELYSIUM invites me to dwell with the shades,
As I lie on my bed in a state of dejection,
I am griev'd to the soul by this dismal reflection,
That if SIMPKIN should sink underneath his disorder,
The LEADER of *Leaders* may want a RECORDER.

Before *great* EDMUND spoke, in strains sublime,
Liv'd Orators who spoke as long and loud;
Whose names have perish'd in the stream of time,
Sunk in Oblivion with the silent croud!
In the cold earth, if it forgotten lie,
What is the *indefatigable tongue?*

The eloquent and mute alike must die,
If ORATORY's praise be left unsung.
But if the assistance of WARREN and BAKER
Disappoint for the present the sad Undertaker;
I trust that the CHIEFS which illumine my piece,
In fame will survive like the *Worthies* of GREECE.

You ask me, *dear* SIMON, if EDMUND the nice,
Who, like *Jack*, rose to combat the GIANT of VICE;
Who declar'd that *Corruption* and base *Peculation*
Taint ev'ry good Christian that visits your nation;
That all are corrupt in the highest degree,
Except his *oft-mention'd immaculate* THREE:—
You ask me, if EDMUND, these dangers fore-knowing,
Consented to WILL, his *dear Relative's*, going?
*Oh*, SIMON! I often reflect on those days
We have spent on the Mountains in innocent plays;
Where from morning till night 'twas the custom to keep,—
So our father commanded,—the Runts and our Sheep;
How often with GWYNNY, sweet PHYLLIS, and CHLOE,
In the evening we danc'd on the Banks of the TOWEY.
In those innocent days, but, alas! they are fled!
I never suspected what any one said:
In NATURE's plain words, in SIMPLICITY's stile,
We spoke what we thought, we were strangers to guile;
But in this *great* METROPOLIS, few are so weak
*As to* SAY *what they* THINK, *or to* THINK *what they* SPEAK.
Here daily-repeated experiment teaches
How the *actions* of Men disagree with *their speeches*;

Their language and stile men adapt to their cases,
As Ladies their colours adapt to their faces;
And an Orator's Speech stands in need of adorning,
As a *City* Dame's Face does of paint in the morning.

Yes, *Brother!* 'tis an undeniable truth,
BURKE sent to the East a most promising youth:
'Tis said, he the Office expected, or got,
Of PAYMASTER to the NABOB of ARCOT.
For BURKE, and his family, most people say,
Are anxious for having to do *with the* PAY;
Tho' he looks upon gold as pestiferous trash,
He is partial, it seems to the *counting of Cash.*
'Tis written, Offenders we should not condemn,
As perhaps some excuse may be pleaded for them:
It may be, that Burke's cousin was sent to that nation,
To set an example of strange moderation.
So EDMUND and FOX once *were* willing to take
ALL THE EAST TO THEMSELVES, for HUMANITY'S SAKE!
And lest souls should be damn'd for attachment to pelf,
BURKE consented to take half the sin to himself;
In hopes of effecting the purification
Of Morals, by "*leading men out of temptation.*"

But now, *my dear Brother*, 'tis time I recall
My attention to that which occurr'd at *the* HALL;
I expect in your next, I shall find you complaining,
That the business of Thursday was not entertaining;
It chiefly consisted of document reading,

And GREY and ANSTRUTHER alternately pleading;
Of whom in *one couplet* enough may be said,
*The* ONE *was* QUICKSILVER, the OTHER was LEAD.
With HASTINGS's *Counsel* they warmly debated,
What evidence should, and what should not be stated?
It seems, the whole strength of their evidence lies
In *Questions*, and *Old* MUNNY BEGUM's replies.
But, it strikes me with wonder, I needs must confess,
When I think of the MANAGERS' laying such stress
On the *Word of a Woman*, a pitiful creature—
As EDMUND describ'd her, "the *Outcast of Nature.*"
Some letters GREY said, "appear'd very unfit
To be read, as their tendency was to ACQUIT;
And here, like *their Chief*, the *Subordinates* try'd
To shove in accusations on every side;
For the MANAGING BODY, 'tis fit you should know,
With zeal, and with ardour, all equally glow,
From EDMUND *the Head, to* SIR GILBERT *the Toe*;
All equally eager and keen on accusing,
Tho' unequal to FOX in the stile of abusing,
And unequal to JOSEPH and BURKE in amusing.
But the CHANCELLOR, tir'd of their pleasant digressions
Set forth, as I thought, some unfriendly expressions.
Lord THURLOW is very precise and exact,
And relishes nothing but *matter of fact*;
To EQUITY *bred*, and inur'd from his youth
To *elaborate investigation of Truth*;
He thinks oratorical flights and allusions,
In *criminal cases*, improper intrusions.
He says, that no charges are fit to be quoted,

Except *those alone* which the COMMONERS voted:
That the MANAGERS should not be suffer'd to stray,
But *prove* and *establish* whatever they say.
Notwithstanding, *dear* BROTHER, this rigid decree
Is destructive at once to my HERO and me;
Notwithstanding its consequence I may deplore,
*The* CHANCELLOR'S CHARACTER *all Men adore!*
'Twas HE who of late, on a trying occasion,
Was proof against *threats* and the *arts of persuasion*;
Who *his* MAKER invok'd, if HE *ever forsook*
His *sick Master*, to blot his own name from the book!
When BURKE in his phrenzy, announc'd to the World,
" *That the King, by Omnipotence smitten, was hurl'd*
" *From his Throne!*" HE stood forth in that critical hour,
*To secure to his* KING *the resumption of* POWER;
Like CATO, in *Virtue* inflexibly strong,
No *Passion can urge him to* THAT *which is wrong.*

This day, tho' the reason I cannot yet find,
BURKE, like *Insignificance*, rested behind;
And FOX, as I understand, went to some *Race*,
Leaving *well-belov'd* JOSEPH to act in his place;
Who, if GREY and ANSTRUTHER were forc'd to
give back,
Like a *corps de reserve*, might renew the attack.
FAREWELL, my *dear* SIMON! and *Deo volente*,
Another Epistle shall quickly be sent you.

## LETTER XIX.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

PREPARING last Wedn'sday to visit the HALL,
My *maiden Aunt* BRIDGET just gave me a call;
You know she was frighted away from the *Bar*
By the story BURKE told about PRINCE CANTEMAR.
I could never prevail on my *delicate Aunt*
Till Wedn'sday, to think of repeating her jaunt:
And I firmly believe she would not have gone then,
If I had not assur'd her that modest young men
Like GREY, and some others, who being beginners,
Would not talk so loosely as *harden'd old Sinners.*
So when the time fix'd by Adjournment drew nigh,
Away went together, *Aunt* BRIDGET and I.
It chanc'd that the LORDS, long engag'd in Debate,
This day did not make their appearance till late.
We sat in the GALLERY more than an hour,
Whilst my *Aunt* grew exceedingly peevish and sour;

She abus'd without mercy, delays of the Law,
And in gen'ral found fault with whatever she saw:
She was not, however, averse to allowing
That their LORDSHIPS were highly improv'd in their BOWING;
This could not, she thought, be imputed to chance,
But that EDMUND, turn'd *Master*, had learn'd them *to dance*.
And if BRIDGET, this Summer, shou'd come down to Wales,
You'll not be surpris'd, if, among other Tales,
You hear her in Company boldly advancing,
That EDMUND has open'd a *College for Dancing*.

Now the LORDS are assembled, and BURKE begins boring
The COURT, with some Papers collected by GORING;
And the COUNSEL, as usual, repeat their objections
To receiving as *Evidence*, GORING's *Collections*:
Here EDMUND insisting, their LORDSHIPS withdraw,
To communicate Questions to *Men of the Law*;
They return, and the Answer comes out as expected,
And GORING's *Collection* is also REJECTED!
Now querulous EDMUND proceeds to remark,
That Himself and the MANAGERS were in the dark:
"I have suffer'd no method, no mode to escape,
"I have try'd, and will try it in every shape;
"It may be, that your LORDSHIPS are not well contented
"With the manner in which our Address is presented.

" If we part in punctilio, or etiquette,
" The MANAGERS right, it behoves you to set."—
Now BURKE, like a fly that has tasted of honey,
Returns in great haste to his *favourite* MUNNY:
With vehemence urges, 'tis vastly absurd
To question or doubt of *Her* HIGHNESS's *word*;
That where Ladies of rank cannot *decently swear*,
We ought to believe what they choose to declare;
And he mention'd some Dames of such delicate pride,
Who *swore before men*, and in consequence *dy'd*.
He said, that in INDIA, great men had a pleasure
In making fine Ladies *deposits of Treasure*;
That the principal part of their riches were kept
By those Ladies with whom they most frequently slept:
You'll remember, perhaps, that when HASTINGS asserted
*That custom*—by EDMUND 'twas much controverted;
This, however, is *nothing*—for BURKE, when he tries,
With equal facility *proves and denies*.
Now EDMUND impassion'd, persists in declaring
His indifference as to her Ladyship's swearing;
That as long as life lasted, he never would fail
To *stick to the Lady*, and *stand by her tale*.
To proceed——BURKE declares that the Managers mean
To keep their own Consciences easy and clean;
We offer good proof—If your LORDSHIPS reject it,
All the sin is your own, and I'd have you expect it.
'Tis owing to you, and 'twill ne'er be forgotten,
That the firmament pillars are perish'd and rotten.

At these words, my *Aunt's visage* discover'd her fears,
Lest the firmament, tumbling, shou'd fall on her ears.
But EDMUND, involv'd in a mist of dark vapours
At *this universal rejection of Papers*,
Conceiv'd in his mind a most intricate plot,
To make out his proof from the *conduct of* SCOTT:
Establishing firmly a *new Orthodoxy*,
*That a man may confess* HIMSELF *guilty by Proxy*;
And, indeed, I must own, 'tis an excellent way
Of making *the Agent* his MASTER betray.
This fail'd—and by way of retrieving his loss,
BURKE adverts to the sayings of RAJAH GOURDOSS;
But this, like the rest, by the COUNSEL disputed,
Is repell'd as unworthy of being refuted.
Then EDMUND, to beat legal arguments down,
Made curious remarks on a *Counsellor's gown*;
Whence I learnt, that as *Scarlet* makes OFFICERS brave,
A COUNSELLOR'S *gown* makes a *Counsellor* grave:
And I think, from their making their *Perukes* so big,
*Legal knowledge* is chiefly *contain'd in the Wig*;
For very wise people are free to confess,
*Human character* chiefly depends upon *dress*.
Just here 'twas discover'd, that EDMUND the arch,
Upon HASTINGS's *troops* had been stealing a march;
But as rather too soon his intention was found,
The vigilant Foe drove him back to his ground.
You must know, near the close of this tedious Debate,
Where *my* HERO so frequently suffer'd *defeat*,

The term of "*Preposterous*" EDMUND apply'd
In a way to the LORDS as affected their pride—
But whilst they consulted, and talk'd of adjourning,
*My* HERO bethought him of *twisting and turning*—
He loudly demanded their LORDSHIPS wou'd stay,
Just to hear him adroitly explain it away:
He said, what he deem'd a *preposterous part*,
Was putting the *Cart-horses* after the *Cart*.
And as BURKE seem'd to speak with some marks of submission,
Their LORDSHIPS accepted of *this Definition*;
Concluding, perhaps, that he best could define
The true meaning of sayings so much *in his line*.
I observ'd in one part of my HERO's *Oration*,
He was suddenly struck with profound veneration
For the COMPANY's *Books*—and I heard with surprize,
That the COMPANY's *Records can never tell Lies*:
And where he could get nothing fairer or better,
He could even put up with *a sketch for a letter*.
'Twas remarkable, towards the close of debate,
There was scarcely *a Manager seen in his seat*;
Some reasons induc'd all the CHIEFS to withdraw,
And they left BURKE to fight DALLAS, PLOMER, and LAWE:
So when HECTOR compell'd all *the Grecians* to yield,
*Old* NESTOR alone stood disputing the field.
At length, BURKE with pleading was deeply opprest,
So he begg'd to adjourn, that *his Tongue might have rest*.

But as I'm in the humour of scribbling away,
I'll now give a sketch of what pass'd the next day.

You must know, that BURKE wanted to see the Instruction
From HASTINGS to SCOTT, so he mov'd its *production*:
When the COURT was assembled, he spoke for two hours
About Major SCOTT and his *general powers*:
He describ'd them as having *unbounded dimension*,
Whilst the COUNSEL deny'd this *uncommon extension*;
A whisper, mean time, round the GALLERY ran,
"*Which is he?*" and "Where is this *powerful Man?*"
Now EDMUND proceeds with examining SCOTT,
Concerning what *Powers* he *had*, and *had not*;
But SCOTT, who is fond of beginning *de novo*,
And tracing the state of his *Chicken ab ovo*,
Began a long Speech, and went on to relate
Some things which *my* CHIEF did not want him to state;
And unable to judge what he farther might say,
BURKE seem'd in a hurry to send him away.

In the course of this day, an *immortal Commander*
Disputed with LAWE on the meaning of *Slander*.
You remember the COMMONERS once disavow'd
Some things which the Orator utter'd aloud.
LAWE thinks an *Accuser*, that cannot support
His Charges, with *Evidence given in* COURT,

*Is guilty of* SLANDER—but EDMUND and FOX,
Supported by all the *loud tongues in the Box*,
Say, *false Accusation* deserves no such name,
*Till the* HOUSE *of St. Stephen pronounce it the same.*
Here this Letter ends:—but expect, my dear Brother,
As soon as I've matter, I'll send you another;
But my AUNT BRIDGET says, lest you should forget her,
She too has some thoughts of transmitting a Letter.

# LETTER XX.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

OH BROTHER! Oh, BROTHER! I'm deeply distrest,
My mind is a *blister*, a stranger to rest:
I have strange news to give you; but when you receive it,
'Tis impossible, SIMON, that you should believe it.
At St. STEPHEN'S last Tuesday, BURKE spoke of an Order
To turn SIMPKIN out of *his post* of RECORDER;
Oh! where is that promise, made many months since,
That I should be *Laureat*, one day, to *the* PRINCE?
Alas! all my hopes from HIS HIGHNESS are fled!
Ah! why did I trust what *an* ORATOR said?
The praises of EDMUND, Oh! why did I sing?
And offend, for *his* sake, both *the* QUEEN and *the* KING?

But what adds to my sorrow, beyond all expression,
(I am cover'd with shame while I make this confession)
Is, that EDMUND, becoming my critical foe,
Has declar'd that my stile "*is exceedingly low*;"
That *Facts are mis-stated, Assertions untrue*;
*That I gave him not* HALF *of the praise which is due.*
He's afraid that good people, who live at a distance,
Who read not *the* HERALD, and draw no assistance
From *such kind of Prints*, which diurnally paint
BURKE's *party* as *Cherubs*, and BURKE as a *Saint*,
From reading *my Letters*, may look on the Heroes
As *thrasonical Blocks*, or *tyrannical* NEROES :—
And this, notwithstanding, I vow and protest,
I have always endeavour'd at doing my best,
If *the* MANAGERS' speeches seem *not very good*,
I will swear I detail'd them as well as I cou'd.
But he wishes the PRESS *to be under subjection*,
And publish no Speeches without his inspection,
And when they require it—*his learned correction.*
BURKE says, that the *lying*, *iniquitous* WORLD,
For its manifold sins, should be "SMITTEN and HURL'D."
He, who open'd a College for *bowing* and *capers*,
Would the COMMONS instruct in the HURLING of *Papers:*
He, who formerly thought it an innocent thing
In JUNIUS, and others, to libel *the* KING,
Now holds it the greatest of abominations
For *the World* to profane his *own sacred Orations*:

He, who formerly held that a *Law Prosecution*
For a LIBEL, would ruin our *good* CONSTITUTION,
Is willing that SIMPKIN should now undergo it,
For being a "low, an inelegant Poet."
Oh, BROTHER! we innocent *Natives* of WALES
Are too often misled by insiduous tales.
I have heard that a DUTCHESS, remark'd for her taste,
And that ROYALTY also, some minutes would waste
*In reading my* LETTERS, and us'd to admit
That I wrote with fidelity, humor, and wit:
The DUTCHESS asserted, that EDMUND's *Sublime*,
Appearing in SIMPKIN's fantastical rhime,
Becomes such a happy, fortuitous texture,
That it ought to be christen'd *the* BEAUTIFUL MIXTURE.
But now, as the CHIEF has his Poet rejected,
A DUTCHESS's *taste* may be justly suspected.

But I've something to tell you, a hundred times worse,
BURKE wants *to* ATTACH both *my person* and *purse*.
Tho' he ne'er gave in money so much as *a penny*,
To the Poet, whose Verses, you know, have been many,
It seems, if the HOUSE would concur in the plot,
He would take the *last* FARTHING *poor* SIMPKIN has got.
In all other cases, *except this of mine*,
'Twere dang'rous, BURKE thinks, to proceed in that line.

Were an insolent Senator guilty of treason,
An ATTACHMENT would not be consistent with reason;
But because his own Poet, in BURKE's estimation,
Has not dress'd to his liking, *for once*, an Oration,
He would turn the DELINQUENT now out of employment,
And strip him of fortune, and ev'ry enjoyment.
Oh, BROTHER! how cruel, how hard is the fate
Of those who rely on *the Words of the Great!*

But now my attention, 'tis fit, I recall
To the bus'ness of Wedn'sday at WESTMINSTER HALL.
The HOUSE met:—And the CHANCELLOR said,
"'twas agreed
"That the MANAGERS be not permitted to read
"MUNNY BEGUM's *Epistle*:—Then EDMUND declar'd,
Tho' their LORDSHIPS' decision he always rever'd;
He must, notwithstanding, beg leave to remark,
That *their* PRINCIPLES *hitherto were in the dark*;
And unless for *new Lights* we have reason to hope,
In darkness it must be our fortune to grope.
Now EDMUND, with fervor, *their* LORDSHIPS admonish'd
Of the dangers attending *Men's being astonish'd*
At the wondrous decision, which Reason confounds,
Being built, as BURKE thinks, upon *technical grounds.*

Howe'er, I must yield to your determination,
Though it humbles the MANAGERS, COMMONS, and NATION.
But left *as I am*, without light to conduct me,
While your LORDSHIPS seem not much inclin'd to instruct me,
May I venture *to guess*, that you would not allow it,
Because MAJOR SCOTT did not choose to avow it?
DISAVOWALS, my LORDS, are form'd into a *system*,
And as far as we're able, we ought to resist 'em.
As my HERO was speaking, I could not help thinking
That he rather was saving *that system* from *sinking*.
For the Speeches my ORATOR utter'd aloud,
As recorded by me, HE has since *disavow'd*.
Nay, the MANAGERS all disavow and detest
Their own children, because they are shabbily drest.

To return—EDMUND failing in this last attack,
To RAJAH GOURDASS he precipitates back;
And here a new Question arose to be stated,
Which by FOX and the COUNSEL was warmly debated:
The subject, I cannot precisely say what,
But 'twas whether some action was *kindness* or *not?*
Some office, conferr'd to oblige the NABOB,
Which EDMUND suspects was *corruption* and *job*.
After ARGUMENTATION, at *half after two*,
*To consider the Question, their* LORDSHIPS *withdrew*.
And while the *grave Peers* BURKE is driving about,
'Tis pleasant to see them—*come in*—and *go out*.

But before, *my dear* SIMON, I bid you adieu,
I must tell you, that nothing that EDMUND can do
*Shall ever prevent me from writing to you.*
Not HOMER, who sung of ACHILLES and *fighting*,
Had more pleasure than me in heroical writing:
A *subject*, like BURKE, I can't think of forsaking,
But must keep him in mind, whether *sleeping* or *waking*.
Howe'er, for the present, my writing I'll end,
And to-morrow AUNT BRIDGET a letter will send.

# LETTER XXI.

FROM

*SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

LAST Wedn'sday, *dear* BROTHER, I went to the HALL,
But, as matters turn'd out, for just nothing at all.
For indeed, you must know, in the scriptural way,
"The beginning and end made the whole of the day."
But some *Metaphysical People* pretend,
That it had no beginning, and yet had an END.
This point I must leave to your EDMUNDS and FOXES,
Who can easily make and expound Paradoxes.
To speak in plain terms—it came out, as expected,
That the Evidence offer'd was also rejected.
Then a Motion was made by a *dignify'd* PEER,
That the JUDGES of ENGLAND be ask'd to declare,
From what *principle* or what *conſtruction* of LAW,
This decided opinion they learnedly draw?

That moment the CHANCELLOR mov'd to adjourn,
And back to their CHAMBER their LORDSHIPS return.
'Twas expected that BURKE would have made an attack,
But the LORDS, for some cause, did not choose to come back:
Perhaps they were weary of bowing and scraping,
And so seiz'd the occasion at once of escaping;
But BURKE means it well—as a CURE for the GOUT:
And makes them—as *Physic*—go in and go out.
But those LORDS, who, like BURKE, are ambitious of soaring,
And of heights unattain'd have a zeal for exploring;
Or wish for a ride in LUNARDI's *Balloon*,
To visit the Man who inhabits the Moon:—
Those LORDS to whose lot such high qualities fall,
Like me, have their BONUM in WESTMINSTER HALL.
But to shew you, *Dear* SIMON, in what estimation
All classes of people hold EDMUND's Oration;
To what Countries far distant his glory is spread,
Where'er the NEW WORLD and *my Letters* are read—
From DUBLIN, *dear* DUBLIN, ten Citizens came,
From WATERFORD six, CARRICKFERGUS the same,
From LIMERICK seven, and nearly as many
From the town and the country surrounding KILKENNY;
From the *Highlands* of SCOTLAND the *Lairds* and the *Thanes*,
From *Sky* the M'DONALDS, from *Mull* the M'LEANS,

Are expected in town in the course of the week—
For once in their lives to hear Eloquence speak.
The *Gallery Tickets* were in such demand,
And promises given so long beforehand,
That Wedn'sday, MISS BRIDGET, our delicate *Aunt*,
For want of a Ticket was stopt in her jaunt:
She, who long was accustom'd to *purr* like a CAT,
To find fault with this—to be angry with that;
Is now so affected, so smitten with love,
That *she cooes to herself*, like a mate-seeking dove.
Whether waking or sleeping, or sitting or walking,
Of BURKE and IMPEACHMENTS she's constantly talking.
And it is my opinion, I give you my honour,—
She will die, unless EDMUND has pity upon her.

The *Gallery Strangers*, who came from afar,
Who had never heard EDMUND declaim at the BAR;
Whose minds were inflated with high expectation
Of hearing the ORATOR make an Oration;
With faces extended with grief and with shame,
All went to their lodgings as wise as they came.
I consol'd them by saying they need not be vext,
As BURKE's to harangue us at *Meeting the next*.
And as he by accident rested so long,
His fancy and tongue will be lively and strong;
And CHARLES, who is said to have come from a *flaw*
On a GODDESS, begot by a DOCTOR of LAW;
Who a long time has study'd each *Species* and *Genus*
Of Laws in the *Courts* and the *Temple of* VENUS;

And SHERIDAN too, it is thought, will unbridle,
Or they'll lose all their fame by remaining so idle.

And 'tis also expected, that ERSKINE and GREY,
As *Readers* or *Speakers*, will figure away;
For great is the task they have taken in hand,
*To throw on its back all the* LAWS *of the* LAND.

And now, my *dear* BROTHER, I bid you adieu,
Till EDMUND finds matter for writing to you!

## *AUNT BRIDGET,*

TO HER

## SISTER MARGARET,

MOTHER OF SIMPKIN AND SIMON.

---

My *dear Sister* Maggy, this letter I write
To remind you of *one* that is *out of your* sight;
But having no pleasanter tales to relate,
Like Simpkin, I'll write about *matters of state.*
You must know, that as Simpkin would take no denial,
I lately went with him to Hastings's *Trial*;
And indeed, I must own, I was highly delighted,
Without, as before, being dreadfully frighted:
You have oft heard me say, I should never forgive
*The* Orator, Edmund, as long as I live;
I thought him a wretch, of *ideas unclean,*
Of libidinous fancy, and language obscene;
If I heard any person but mention his name,
The remembrance of *Cantemar* fill'd me with shame:
That *wicked young fellow*, whose Mother's delight
Was to lead to his chamber some *present* each night.

Howe'er, *my dear* MAGGY, the last day I went,
Great part of the time was agreeably spent;
But what above all did my wonder engage,
Is EDMUND's attention *to Ladies in* AGE.
Ev'ry man that you meet with, makes use of his *tongue*
In praise and behalf of a LADY *that's young*;
But EDMUND, than others more *generous* and *bold*,
Is fond of protecting *the* DAMES *that are old.*
Oh! when EDMUND dies, how the Ladies will miss him,
And I think, while he lives, *the old women should kiss him!*
He has made an impression so deep in my breast,
Thas if his OLD WOMAN were settled at rest,
And BURKE were to offer, I could not withstand
The temptation of taking him *fast by the hand.*
And as his finances are not very great,
He might like to partake of *his* BRIDGET's *Estate.*
How often together we'd walk on the mountains,
Sit down on the rocks, and drink out of the fountains,
There EDMUND would make a most elegant farmer,
And at times make ORATIONS to me, *as his charmer:*
Oh! how the *Welch Squires* after dinner would sit
And admire, like the bottle, the ORATOR's *wit.*

When EDMUND is speaking, my soul so rejoices
In the accent attending that sweetest of voices;

It puts me in mind of that *good-natur'd Paddy*,
*Who liv'd as a footman, you know, with our Daddy*,
And us'd to divert us with comical scenes,
When you and I, MARGARET, were in our teens.

When the LORDS were assembled, and BURKE began speaking,
I observ'd *many* NOBLES with laughter were shaking;
For so pleasant is he, that he cannot "*fateague 'em*,"
Tho' he spoke for a twelvemonth *concerning* "*the* * BHEAGUM."
But I am not less charm'd with *the* ORATOR'*s figure*,
Whose size and appearance make promise of vigor.
Tho' some people say, that this is not a truth,
For his powers, like a *Serpent*'s, all lie in his mouth;
But be this as it may, all the cash in my purse,
I would give to possess him, "for better and worse."

I now have to add, when their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,
To LILLY LLANSTUFFIN's your sister return'd;
There I found Mrs. WELLS, who, for *new imitations*,
Might challenge with safety *all* COUNTRIES and NATIONS.
With resemblance surprising, she imitates all
The SPEAKERS that figure in WESTMINSTER HALL.

* We suppose Aunt Bridget is in love with Burke's melodious pronunciation of BHEAGUM.

When, like Fox, I observe her all veh'ment to
speak,
She has got to the life—his *rat tat* and his *squeak*.
When she imitates EDMUND, *the Irishman's* tone
Is so like, that you'd swear 'twas *the* ORATOR'S *own*;
To his mode of pronouncing surprisingly true,
When she speaks of *the* BHEAGUM and CANTABAH
BHOO;
And when she's repeating what ANSTRUTHER said,
You have SATURN before you, *the father of lead*.
Then all of a sudden she changes the play,
And shews her white teeth, as politely as GREY.
When reading, like ERSKINE, she rises and drops,
And is equally careful in minding her stops:
There is not one Speaker, as far as I find,
*Save only the* Clerk, who can leave her behind;
But what will surprise you still more than the rest,
—And I solemnly tell you it is not a jest—
She wrote *twenty lines*, and I stood by the while,
Exactly in SIMPKIN's own manner and style:
And as SIMPKIN acknowledg'd he could not write
better,
He stole them to fill up a space in his Letter.
The people who heard her, are led to suppose
That as soon as the Trial shall draw to a close,
She'll *exhibit her* CHARACTERS all on the Stage—
Where she never can fail to *amuse* and *engage*.
One proof of her merit, must all people strike,
Which is, *vulgar Papers express their dislike*.

Till CHARACTER rises in *fame* and *renown*,
ENVY'S *never employ'd in the pulling it down*.—
And now, *my Dear* MAGGY, no more will I write,
As I'm going to RANELAGH this very night.

BRIDGET.

FROM

*SHENKIN IN WALES,*

TO HIS

COUSIN SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

---

My Dear Cousin Simpkin, your kindred in Wales
Are quite overcome with your excellent Tales;
Which have work'd like a charm on *your Family* here,
And we meet twice a week, who scarce met twice a year.
All the toils, all the pleasures of life are at stand,
Till Simpkin's *expected address* comes to hand;
And proud to partake your poetical flame,
We all strive to strike out a spark of the same.
There's Simon sits rhyming from morning till night,
Who in *Shooting* and *Coursing* once plac'd all delight;
Nay, even *your* Aunt, has her share of your vein,
And has teem'd with a *sweet little Brat of the Brain.*
So this must account and atone for my scrawl;
Since your friends are grown *Poets*, *Aunt* Bridget and *all.*

*Dear* Coz', now I've once broke the ice in my way,
I hope you'll excuse what I'm going to say:
I, who never saw LONDON, nor LONDON's *strange folks*,
May well be supposed a fit dupe for your jokes;
But the devil shall take me, if e'er I could credit
One half what you write, tho' an angel had said it.
Forgive me, *dear* SIMPKIN, altho' at this distance,
I presume not to combat *the* TRIAL's *existence:*
(The trial of *one* WARREN HASTINGS, I mean,
Said to come back from INDIA *with hands not too clean.*)
Yet the *out-line* is all I conceive to be true;
It's fantastical shades, I attribute to you.
I applaud both your parts and your courage, *dear* COUSIN,
Thus to *stand by a man*, when attack'd by a DOZEN.
But surely you write for PILL'RY or STOCKS,
When you handle such names as BURKE, ADAM, and FOX;
And venture erecting your batt'ry, *point blank*,
At Chiefs of such *high* SENATORIAL *rank*.
Our choicest, best Patriots, you shrink not to paint
Like DEVILS combin'd to demolish a SAINT;
And *their Leader* for SATAN's *own Picture* might sit,
If he had but LESS *malice* and *ten times* MORE *wit*.

Last year, when you told us the ORATOR took
That beastly quotation from CANTEMAR's *book*,
I concluded your fancy, like high-mettled horse,
Had jostled your judgment clean out of the course:

For a brute, ill-condition'd enough to make sport
On such a *grave cause* in so *solemn a Court*,
With grossest obscenities tainting the ears
Of LADIES, and JUDGES, and BISHOPS, and PEERS,
Must deserve from *all human abodes to be hurl'd*,
*Scoff'd, hustl'd, hiss'd, thump'd, and kick'd out of the* WORLD.
This story I therefore conclude is a creature,
Merely hatch'd in your brain to embellish your metre.

All your letters of late are fill'd with fresh crosses
Attending this *Antediluvian Process:*
How often the MANAGERS play the stale game
Of *dismissing the* AUDIENCE *as wise as it came*;
*While their* LORDSHIPS *come in—then go out—then come in,*
*Like Puppits, ere* PUNCH *is prepar'd to begin.*
From BURKE *the sublime*, to ANSTRUTHER and GREY,
You give ev'ry one a smart lash in your way,
That they'd readily palm any papers they found
For evidence legal, substantial, and sound:
And protest in a huff, if a doubt cross their words,
As if any trash might suffice for their LORDS.

'Tis but lately you broach'd, with mischievous intention,
A scandalous tale of your own vile invention,
That your HERO, of loose and incontinent tongue,
Had *been snubb'd* by the COMMONS for language too strong.

If a MANAGER thus should be *snubb'd by the* HOUSE,
*His word is no more worth* "*three skips of a louse*;"
And I ne'er can believe such infatuation
Could seize all the wisest, best heads in the nation,
As to listen with pleasure, or listen at all
To what a *snubb'd* MANAGER *says in the* HALL.

In short, *my dear* SIMPKIN, I can but admit,
Your letters most choice, both in metre and wit.
But beware, lest that sad inclination to lye,
Bring you living to *Jail*, and to HELL when you die.
Retreat then in time from the path you have chosen,
Is th' advice of your *Friend* and affectionate COUSIN.
SHENKIN.

# LETTER XXII.

FROM

## *SIMPKIN THE SECOND,*

TO HIS

## DEAR BROTHER IN WALES.

You remember, *dear* Brother, my stating to you
The question on which the *Tribunal* withdrew;
They on something resolv'd, tho' I cannot say what,
As when the Court met, they discover'd it not;
But 'twas hinted to me, *they suspected a* Plot!
For knowing that Edmund is arch and designing,
A *good Pioneer*, and conversant in *mining*,
'Twas concluded, that if they betray'd the foundation,
He would blow up at once *all the* Law *in the Nation!*
When *the* Lords were assembl'd, Fox rose up to plague 'em
With Goring's *Epistle*, and one from "Burke's *Bheagum*;"
Which, as they were publicly printed, he said,
For their Lordships' *Appendix*, they ought to be read;

But HASTINGS's *Counsel* an argument drew,
To prove *printing a Paper* can't render *it* TRUE.
FOX answer'd—"*The* COUNSEL must yield to their fate,
For indeed they have made their objection too late;
And as they had read the said Paper *before*,
There could be no harm if they read it *once more*."
That it ever was read, the *learn'd* COUNSEL deny'd—
It was ENTER'D *as* READ, their OPPONENT reply'd;
Who rested his case on this argument sole,
That *reading a part* must be *reading the* WHOLE;
And of error the MANAGERS try'd to convict 'em,
By praising and quoting the CHANCELLOR's *Dictum*.

Then EDMUND, who constantly loves to regale
The ears of *the* COURT with a *ludicrous Tale*,
Inform'd us, at length, of the perils and dangers
Which may happen at VENICE to *igmorant strangers*.
He told us of *one* who the STATE reprehended,
And another who highly extoll'd and defended;
BOTH *of whom* by the SENATE *of* VENICE were hung,
For *unjustifiable licence of Tongue*.
One was hang'd for the making a *verbal attack*,
The other for *whitening* what *never was black*.
To the CHANCELLOR only then let it belong,
To disprove that his doctrine deliver'd was wrong.

After many disputes, and long trials, to state
The questions the LORDS were about to debate,

And Fox had express'd his pathetical fears,
That *Simplicity* might be dislik'd by the PEERS;
Their LORDSHIPS again had the honour of showing
*Their graceful deportment in* COMING *and* GOING.
They return'd with an Answer WE did not expect,
"*That the* MANAGERS *had* NOT *been very correct*;
*That the Orator* CHARLES *had improperly said*
*That the* LETTER *of* GORING *was* ENTER'D *as* READ!"

Then CHARLES, who is seldom or ne'er at a loss
When the *Dice runs against him*, or FORTUNE *is cross*,
Another expedient immediately found,
And offer'd the Letter on *quite a new ground.*
He said, as *their* LORDSHIPS before had consented
This Letter shou'd in the *Appendix* be printed,
THEY, at any time after, were bound to receive it,
And, *being in print*, they of course MUST *believe it.*

In answer to CHARLEY, LORD CAMDEN remarks,
That the *printing* was merely an *Act of the* CLERKS;
To the printing the MANAGERS should not resort,
Unless they could PROVE it an *Act of the* COURT.

Then CHARLEY lamented, with tears in his eyes,
That he, a poor Commoner, was not so wise,
That he could not discern, whilst left in the dark,
The *Act of the* HOUSE from the *Act of the* CLERK.
The *Doctrine of Evidence* then he dissected,
Shewing what shou'd be taken, and what be rejected.

Here EDMUND broke forth, in his violent way,
Like a *Mountain parturient*, he *labour'd* to say
That an *Epilogue is the best part of a Play*:
That the Epilogue show'd, which *their* LORDSHIPS had made,
That as *writers of Plays*, they were *young in the trade.*
I sympathiz'd with him, when BURKE was complaining
*That the Epilogue was not at all entertaining.*
If it will not, says he, serve the end of *accusing*,
I'm sure there is nothing in't very amusing:
It has neither the *beautiful*, nor the *sublime*,
And the making thereof was profusion of time.
Here BURKE *economical*, sadly regrets
The enormous increase of our National Debts;
And frightened to death, lest *the Empire* should sink
By *their* LORDSHIPS' *profusion of Paper and Ink*,
'Tis expected hereafter, in some of his Bills,
He will limit the PEERS in their *Paper* and *Quills.*
Nor will this be thought such a comical thing,
When we think of his conduct *respecting* the KING:
The man whom Economy urg'd to withstand
The *grant of a lemon* for MAJESTY's *hand*,
With Justice and Reason may move for the stinting
*Their* LORDSHIPS' expence in superfluous printing.

Now EDMUND observes to the LORDS, he has done,
Excepting a word, and it should be *but* ONE;
But, alas! *Taciturnity*'s not in his pow'r,
For his tongue, like a 'larum, ran more than an hour.

In printing, he humbly conceiv'd the prevention
Of reading the Paper was not their intention;
And he hop'd that the COURT, in its gravity, never
*Printed* that which could answer *no purpose whatever*.
That it was not like Timber, which can't be employ'd
In a ship or a house, and so may be destroy'd.
The timber, he said, which no Artist can turn
To some kind of building, he fitly may burn.
Here one of the NOBLES seem'd not to admire
The ideas combin'd of *Appendix* and *Fire*.
Then CHARLEY came forth, and his Leader defended,
By whom it appears no offence was intended.

This settled—their LORDSHIPS as usual withdrew,
To debate on a question that's perfectly new:
They return'd, and the CHANCELLOR said, 'twas agreed
That the MANAGERS are not permitted to read.
Then EDMUND came forth, and began an Oration,
With off'ring to Heav'n an ejaculation,
Like a *Chaplain* he pray'd for that *spiritual light*
Which leads all Tribunals to that which is right.
He said, that although they oblig'd him to yield,
He very reluctantly quitted the field;
That during the course of the present long Trial,
He had never been mortify'd so by denial.
Now EDMUND, although much depress'd by the vapours,
In evidence offer'd additional Papers:

Then HASTINGS's *Counsel* arose, as expected,
Saying, similar proofs have been often rejected.
But CHARLEY contended the MANAGERS shou'd
Try *all Things*, and stick fast to THAT *which is good*;
That as the *said* MANAGERS could not learn why
Their LORDSHIPS so often were pleas'd to deny,
'Twas a duty incumbent to *offer* and *try*.—
And now, *my Dear* BROTHER, I lay down my Pen,
And when I have matter, I'll write you again.

FROM

## *SHENKIN IN WALES,*

TO HIS

## COUSIN SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

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ENOUGH—enough—Dear SIMPKIN! spare a while
Thy Reader's laughter, and thy Hero's bile!
Yet, yet avert the threat'ning storm that lowers,
Nor brave too rashly Tribunitian Powers!
Shall he, whose fame thy Antisceptic Rhymes
Have sous'd and pickled for remotest times,
All alkaline antipathy suppress,
And gulp with patience all the pungent Mess?
What, are there no officious Prompters near,
To whisper vengeance in his smarting ear?
No Managerial Brothers of the Pack,
To bark and bounce, and bellow at his back?

O! then, in time direct thy wayward way
Where Panegyric's fost'ring breezes play;
Low at IMPEACHMENT's crimson altar bow,
Where Peers obsequious bend—and well may'st thou.
——That PRINCE, whom common transports could but cloy,

Who proffer'd millions for a new-found joy,
Now might at last his unclaim'd gifts bestow
At Conj'ring BURKE's Judicial Raree-show.
O! could I hear him as he raves and foams,
To tempt deluded idlers from their homes;
And shews his *living* Lords in robes so fine,
While *Salmon*'s Peers of Wax unheeded pine!
Could I partake for once the magic sport,
To wait extatic in an Empty Court,
While jaded Nobles keep whole hours aloof,
And wince and startle at illegal proof!

If, then, fate urge thee headlong on to write,
Explain the mystery of this new delight:
Say, by what *Hocus Pocus*, SIMPKIN, say,
IMPEACHMENT reigns the fashion of the day?
Why on one object all its stores employ;
Has BURKE a Patent for this new-found joy?
Sole *Arbiter Deliciarum* he,
And Britain's Juggler with exclusive plea?

Nought but the Trial's wonders now prevail;
The Trial's Records load our lagging Mail.
Ask a pert LONDONER, "What news of late?"
"—BURKE, Sir, last Thursday was *prodigious great.*
"A slender Vial's drippings now anoint
"His tongue, which erst was delug'd with a pint:
"To give the last perfection to his note,
"'Tis thought a Thumb Bottle must wet his throat.
"With Lemon too, he calms th' intrusive wheezing;

" His mouth all parch'd—now speaking, and now squeezing.
" 'Tis he amuses now alone the Town;
" GUIMARD is still—the Op'ra-House burnt down.
" No puffs of profit buoy the lank Balloon:
" No BLANCHARD spies Impeachment in the Moon.
" In vain, with painted effigy on high,
" A new Goliah courts each gazer's eye:
" The Tower's fierce Lions unattended roar;
" The starv'd Stone-muncher dines on Flints no more.
" Hush'd are the gruntings of the Sapient Swine,
" Which throng'd Saloons once hail'd almost divine:
" Poor PIG!—he dy'd, they say, of mere despair,
" His Rival's triumphs were too much to bear."

——SIMPKIN, I burst, impatient to be taught
What Sums this grand discovery has brought.
By all thy past and present well-earn'd Bays,
By all thy hopes of *fifty more such days*,
O say (nor think I mean thy share to rob)
Are thine the *only* profits of the Job?
For thine is doubtless no mean niggard pension,
Recording Laureat to this blest invention.
Do *purchas'd* Tickets, Belles and Beaux admit
At diff'rent price, to Gall'ry, Box, and Pit?
Or is all debt-reducing system cross'd,
To treat spectators at the Nation's cost.

Stands each Performer pension'd by the week,
Puppets and all—or only those that squeak?

Who share the splendid pickings of the Show?—
Its Joint-Exhibitors—viz. BURKE and Co.?
Or serve the whole as one prodigious fee,
A *Bonus* for the grasping patentee?

If thou *must* write—be, SIMPKIN, this thy toil,
Thou great Apollo of our Cambrian Soil!
So may Adjournments, welcome sweets, prolong
Thy Hero's bliss, thy Stipend, and thy Song!
So BURKE and SIMPKIN's mutual aid support
The pall'd attention of th' insulted Court!
So thy new FABIUS crush (as well he may)
His much-enduring Victim *by delay!*

# LETTER XXIII.

FROM

*SIMPKIN IN LONDON,*

TO HIS

COUSIN SHENKIN IN WALES.

DEAR SHENKIN, 'tis time you should now understand
That your Letters, in order, came safely to hand:
That if to *the former* I made no reply,
'Twas because, indirectly, you *gave me the Lye.*
You, by way of a compliment, chose to admit
That my Letters were good as to *Humour* and *Wit*;
But whilst you allow'd that my Verse was amusing,
My credulous Readers you thought me abusing.
The TRIAL's *Existence* you grant, to be sure,
But the *Picture*, you said, was a CARICATURE.
There's nothing, believe me, that SHENKIN can say—
No compliment fine, he can possibly pay,
That can ever atone with a *Native of Wales*,
When his honour is wounded by *doubting his Tales*.
There is not at WESTMINSTER, even *one* PEER,
Among those to whom BURKE and *his Party* are dear—

Who join him in other political Acts,
But freely subscribes to *my statement of Facts.*
And though it is true, that the facts I rehearse,
Have a farcical mien when commmitted to Verse,
You would say, if you once heard my eloquent Speaker,
The *Original*'s strong, but the Picture is weaker.

You're ign'rant, you say, and I'm glad you avow it,
'Tis your only excuse, and I therefore allow it;
You foolishly balance in Justice's Scales
A POLITICAL CHIEF, with *your Neighbours* in WALES;
But since from the Mountain *your* HIGHNESS came down,
And heard it confirm'd by the dwellers in town,
It seems, though you question'd *your Cousin's relation,*
You implicitly credit a *Stranger*'s narration.
In your Second Epistle, you pleasantly mention
A supposal that SIMPKIN *possesses a Pension*;
My Letter to SIMON, you've surely forgot,
I said—and now say it, "*Indeed I have* NOT."
To whom could I possibly make the request,
The PRIS'NER's *half ruin'd,* and deeply distrest:
My *Heroes themselves* are in general needy,
And PITT, *as a Statesman,* is shockingly greedy:
HE would tell me, perhaps, all the cash which he gets
Will scarcely suffice for the *National Debts.*
Nay, *the Counsel,* if EDMUND could do well without 'em,
*Such a Miser is* PITT, *he'd be happy to rout 'em.*
I grant, that I once did indulge such a hope,
But my HERO now thinks me *deserving a Rope*;

The Speeches he makes in the moment of Madness,
In his intervals lucid, affect him with sadness.

Believe me, *Dear* SHENKIN, I've no other ends
To answer, than barely amusement of Friends;
And when from engagements I'm free and at leisure,
I visit the HALL as a matter of pleasure:
But, from your last Letter, I cannot help thinking
That prejudic'd men have impos'd upon SHENKIN;
For you write, *my Dear Friend*, as if touch'd with compassion,
A weakness (not Virtue) that's much out of fashion.
'Twas nothing but prejudice caus'd you to say
That HASTINGS a victim must fall to *delay*.
You are wrong—and if now it were not out of season,
On the subject before me to argue and reason,
I could prove that a MAN, who his youth has expended
In *serving his Country*, who bravely defended
Her possessions in times of most imminent dangers
From *ill-judging Colleagues*, and *quarrelsome Strangers*,
Should, when he can serve us in no other way,
Amuse and divert us—*instead of a Play*.
The *high-polish'd* ATHENS, whene'er she beheld
A subject, whose zeal in her service excell'd
*His equals*, with justice that subject EXPELL'D.
And that mode of treatment was certainly wise,
Howe'er it may seem in HUMANITY's *Eyes*.

Yes, yes, my *Dear* SHENKIN, there once was a time
I Ingratitude held a detestable crime;

When I saw the distress of a poor fellow-creature,
I us'd to give way to *the feelings of Nature*.
But since I've convers'd with *political* HEROES,
Who are TITUSES often, and frequently NEROES,
I am fully convinc'd that in ev'ry condition,
We should study *that only* which serves our AMBITION,
Or adds to our pleasure; and hence I confess,
I look on the whole as a *contest at* CHESS.
When BURKE his Game forward endeavours to bring,
LAWE advances a *pawn*, and gives *check to his King*;
BURKE covers *his King*, PLOMER instantly sees
An advantage—and, lo! EDMUND's *Queen* is *en prise*.
BURKE rallies his men, and prepares for the fight,
DALLAS whispers a *move*, and BURKE loses a *Knight*.
BURKE speaks in a circle, it proves of no use,
It suggests the idea of *playing at Goose*.
And hence inexhaustible pleasure I find,
Whilst a thousand comparisons rise in my mind.

You speak of *my Chief*, as of BRESLAW and JONAS,
Or a *strange Patentee*, and his grasping a *bonus*.
You talk of Expences, whereby it appears
The report of *new Taxes* has work'd on your fears:
But tell me what room can there be for complaining,
When the cause of Expences is so entertaining;
And tho' *my dear* SHENKIN should never partake,
He ne'er should begrudge for his *Relative's sake*.

To conclude——With your numbers I really am smitten,

But like not the Spirit in which they are written.
In *Letter the First*, you accuse me of trying
To impose on the weak with fantastical lying;
In *the Second*, your feelings, for HASTINGS distrest,
And your dread with *New Taxes* of being opprest,
Have giv'n too serious a turn to your Letter,
So write not again till your humour is better.

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